Barenger Pinx.t Scott sc.t

THE WELLESLEY ARABIAN.

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVI. MAY, 1810. *No. CCXII.*

THE
WELLESLEY ARABIAN.

Engraved by Mr. Scott, from a Painting by Mr. Barenger.

SOME account of this celebrated Arabian was expected, but has not yet been received: of course whatever we may have to offer on the subject must be deferred until next month.

SUMMARY OF
NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

To be given at full in our Racing Calendar next Month.

ON Monday, the 21st instant, a Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, Two-year-Olds' Course, was won by Mr. Shakespear's f. by Bobtail, beating Mr. Vansittart's f. by Cæsario, and General Grosvenor's Spell.—Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, Across the Flat, was won by Sir J. Shelley's Fanny, beating Mr. Shakespear's Tumbler, and two others.—The Duke of Grafton's Doleful walked over the course for a Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, and three other Sweepstakes were not contested.—General Gower's Maid of Orleans, 8st. 8lb. beat General Grosvenor's Chryseïs, 8st. Ab. M. 200gs.—Lord Kinnaird's Brandenburgh, 8st. 7lb. beat Gen. Gower's c. by Worthy, 7st. 5lb. Two-year-Olds' Course, 50gs.—Lord C. Somerset's Windsor, 8st. 6lb. beat General Grosvenor's Ramaquin, 7st. 5lb. Two-year-Olds' Course, 200gs.—Duke of Rutland's Salvator, 8st. 5lb. beat Lord F. Bentinck's Persian, 8st. T. M. M. 150gs.—Mr. Vansittart's Burleigh, 8st. 6lb. beat Lord F. Bentinck's Trump, 8st. 1lb. Ab. M. 100gs.—The Duke of Grafton's Pope, 7st. 7lb. beat Mr. Shakespear's Harpocrates, 8st. 7lb. Across the Flat, 200gs.—Mr. Payne's b. c. by Waxy, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr. Vansittart's Gloster, 8st. 4lb. R. M. 200gs.—Lord Darlington's Musician, 8st. 13lb. beat Lord Grosvenor's Benvolio, 8st. Across the Flat, 200gs. —Forfeit paid in four matches.

Tuesday.

Ld Stawell's Invalid beat Mr. Shakespear's Knave of Clubs, 50gs. —5 to 2 on Invalid.—Duke of Grafton's Morel beat Major Wilson's Erebus, 100gs. 5 to 2 on Morel.—Mr. Shakespear's Sir David against Lord Sackville's Deceiver, 100gs.—*Dead heat.* 6 to 4 against Sir David.—Mr. Howorth's Jubilee Jack beat Lord Kinnaird's Gundy, 100gs. 6 to 4 against Jubilee Jack.—Lord Grosvenor's Eccleston won a subscription of 50l. beating Genseric and Jessamy. —Mr. Craven's Black Diamond won a Handicap Plate of 50l. beating Gundy and Jubilee. 100 to 6 against Black Diamond.

Wednesday.

Lord Lowther's Agnes beat Mr.

H Howorth's

Howorth's Fancy, 25gs. 2 to 1 on Agnes.—Lord G. H. Cavendish's Middlethorpe won a Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, beating Sunbeam and Bustard. 5 to 2 against Middlethorpe.—Major Wheatley's Sir Petronell won a Gold Cup, value 100gs. beating Gooseander and Agnes. 6 to 4 against Sir Petronell.—Lord Jersey's Nicholas beat Lord C. Somerset's Windsor, 50gs. 2 to 1 on Nicholas.—Lord Jersey's Robin beat General Grosvenor's Ramaquin, 80gs.—Lord F. Bentinck's Bramble beat Mr. Payne's Bullrush, 50gs. 6 to 5 on Bramble.—The Jockey-Club Plate was won by Lord Grosvenor's Meteora, beating Burleigh, Guardy, and four others. 3 to 1 against Meteora.

Thursday.

Lord Grosvenor's Antonia won the 50l. Stakes, beating several others.—Mr. Craven's Black Diamond won a Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, beating Fair Star and Worthy.—Lord Hinchinbroke's ch. c. by Gohanna, won a Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, beating three others. —Lord Foley's Spaniard won a Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, beating three others.—Lord Darlington's Musician won a Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, beating Langton and Salvator.—Mr. Shakespear's f. by Bobtail beat Gen. Grosvenor's Young Lochinvar, 200gs.—Mr. Craven's Yorkshire Grey beat the Young Lochinvar, 50gs. — Mr. Payne's c. by Waxy, beat Lord Jersey's Antonio, 200gs.

Friday.

Mr. Howorth's Jubilee Jack, beat Ld Kinnaird's Brandenburgh, 50gs.—Mr. Wilson's c. by Eagle, beat Ld Kinnaird's Don Juan, 50gs. —Mr. Wilson's Juniper, beat Mr. Shakespear's Harpocrates, 50gs.—Sir J. Shelley's Marmion won a Subscription Handicap Plate of 50l. beating Ld Foley's Illumination.—Sir J. Shelley's Fanny, beat Ld Stawell's Invalid, 100gs.—Ld Grosvenor's Antonia, beat Ld F. G. Osborne's Rabbit, 50gs.—Ld Jersey's Langton won a Gold Cup, value 80gs. beating Ld Stawell's Invalid and Ld Kinnaird's Gundy. —Ld F. Bentinck's Trump received 40gs. from Sir W. W. Wynne's Mademoiselle Presle, 100gs.

Saturday.

Ld Jersey's Nicholas beat the Duke of Rutland's Salvator, 200gs. —A Subscription Handicap Plate of 50l. was won by Mr. Elwes's O. P. beating the Duke of Rutland's Easton, and Ld G. H. Cavendish's Bramble.—The match between General Gower's Currycomb and Ld Foley's Chester went off by consent.—Ld Jersey's Lauretta rec. 25gs. from General Grosvenor's Lochinvar.

RACES APPOINTED IN 1810.

GOODWOOD	*May* 31
Epsom	*June* 6
Beverley	6
Guildford	12
Maddington	13
Manchester	13
Ascot-Heath	20
Newton	20
Lancaster	26
Bibury	27
Tenbury	27
Nantwich	*July* 3
Cardiff	3
Irvine, Scotland	4

Newmarket

Newmarket July Meeting..	*July*	9
Ludlow		10
Oxford		11
Bridgenorth		24
Ormskirk		25
Knutsford		31
Egham	*August*	28
Warwick	*Sept.*	4
Northampton		12
Leicester		19
Lincoln		19

COCKINGS, 1810.

Manchester Midlent Cockings.

THE long main between the gentlemen of Staffordshire, Gosling, feeder, and the gentlemen of Lancashire, Gilliver, feeder, was won by the former, two a-head in the mains, and ten in the byes.

Newcastle Cockings.

The last week in April, the long main between Peter Devis, Esq. Gosling, feeder, and Robert Betton, Esq. Potter, feeder, was won by the former, nine a-head in the mains, and 5 in the byes.

Chester.

In the race-week, a main of cocks was fought between Sir Peter Warburton, Bart. and Sir Winsor Hunloke, Bart. of which the following is a statement:

Sir P. Warburton.	M.	B.	Sir W. Hunloke. M.	B.
Monday	1	0	 5	1
Tuesday	4	0	 2	1
Wednesday ..	3	0	 3	1
Thursday ...	4	0	 3	0
Friday	3	0	 4	0
	15	0	17	3

Durham.

On Monday in the race-week, a long main of cocks commenced fighting between Sir H. T. Vane, Bart. (Thompson, feeder) and C. J. Brandling, Esq. (Varley, feeder) of which the following is a statement:—

Thompson.	M.	B.	Varley. M.	B.
Monday	3	2	 2	2
Tuesday	3	1	 2	3
Wednesday ..	3	3	 2	1
Thursday ...	2	2	 3	2
Friday	5	1	 0	3
Saturday ...	2	3	 3	1
	18	12	12	12

The Durham Subscription Gold Cup, value 124gs. (16 subscribers) was fought for on Thursday in the race-week, and won by Mr. Newby Lowson.

At Chatteris, in the Isle of Ely.

On Tuesday, May 8, a Welch main of eight cocks was fought for a purse of sixteen guineas, at a private pit near the Black Horse public house, which was won by a yellow grey cock, belonging to Mr. Shadbolt, of Cambridge.

FRACAS AT CEYLON.

WE regret to observe, that at a dinner party, at Ceylon, given by the Governor of that place to Admiral Drury, and a numerous party, an unpleasant interruption to the harmony of the day took place, in consequence of one of the party refusing to drink the proposed health of the Admiral.—The toast being urged, the person immediately turned down his glass, and left the room. During that time, several persons hissed the toast, on which Capt. Pellew demanded an explanation, and a challenge ensued; but the Governor interfering, the affair was adjusted.

HORSE CAUSE.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, MAY 21.

Eaves *v.* Dickenson.

MR. Serjeant Best moved for a rule to shew cause, why the verdict in this case should not be set aside and a nonsuit entered. It was an action to recover the value of a horse bought under rather extraordinary circumstances. The horse was bought at Botten Fair, in Leicestershire, in January last; it was brought to town with other horses and died within ten days, after having previously refused to eat. The cause of its death was discovered to be a disease of the lungs; and the question was, whether the disease had existed at the time the horse was purchased? The Jury, under all circumstances, gave a verdict for the plaintiff.

It was contended, in support of the present motion, that the evidence of Mr Harrison and Mr. Coleman, Veterinary Surgeons, had proved that the disease might have existed when the horse was sold, and therefore it rested with the plaintiff to prove that the horse was diseased when the sale took place.

The Court was of opinion that the plaintiff ought to have proved that the horse was not sound, and a nonsuit was granted.

SIMPKIN versus HUNT.

Further Litigation on the Game Laws.

THE contention between Mr. Hunt and Mr. Dugdale Astley, by his tenant Simpkin, so frequently mentioned in former Numbers of our Magazine, still remains at issue, or at least that part of the dispute relative to the verdicts of the Sheriff's Jury, who, in two instances, notwithstanding Mr. Hunt, in the action, suffered judgment to go by default, have returned No Damage.

In the Court of King's Bench, on Thursday, May 24, Mr. Casberd, Counsel on the part of Simpkin, moved to make the rule absolute, directing that the inquisition had in this cause should be set aside, it having found no damages, and that the defendant should pay costs.

Mr. Hunt, the defendant, rose to shew cause against the rule. In the course of his speech, he recapitulated the circumstances of the case. In October, 1808, as he was passing one day with his dogs along the road that led through the plaintiff's ground, observing a dog to point, he followed the game and shot it. His acquisition proved to be a fine hare, and he carried it off in triumph. The gamekeeper of Mr. Astley, the landlord, was informed of the circumstance, and in the trial which followed, the defendant suffered judgment to go by default. A Jury were summoned to rate the damages. On their meeting at the Weymouth Arms, Warminster, in the county of Wilts, the defendant addressed them on the quantum of damage which had been done. The Jury found that no damage had been done to Mr. Simpkin, and refused to fix any damages. Another Jury were then summoned; they met at the Town-Hall, in Devizes; the defendant again pleaded his own cause; and the second Jury refused to give a verdict of damages, where they had been told, in the course of the defendant's speech, that by finding it, when no damage was done, they must perjure themselves. The Deputy

puty Sheriff remonstrated, and threatened to confine the Jurors till they brought in a more satisfactory verdict. The Jurors were still obstinate, under the conviction which the defendant had impressed upon them. No damages could be had, and in consequence the Court of King's Bench was applied to, for the purpose of ordering a new enquiry.

Mr. Hunt read several voluminous affidavits, and commented on them as he went along with considerable ease and fluency. He concluded by declaring, that he was perfectly ready to submit to the award of the Court, but hoped a Deputy Sheriff would have nothing to do with it. He knew that the decisions of the inferior Courts might be overhauled by the King's Bench; and he was convinced, that if one half of those decisions were reversed, it would be for the good of the country: still he had but one fear, and the only thing that haunted his imagination, was a Deputy Sheriff in the pomp and plenitude of his Court.

Lord Ellenborough was perfectly of opinion, that the Deputy Sheriff had done nothing but his duty. The Jury were summoned to fix the damages, and they would not fix them. The Sheriff had no right to consider that as a verdict which was not one either in spirit or letter. If the defendant had allowed himself to be guided by the reason of others, he would have known that the Jury must have found damages, when he had owned his offence by suffering judgment to go by default. They were prejudiced by being told, that they risked the crime of perjury by finding the very verdict which yet they ought to have found. It was not to be said in law, that because no actual and rateable damage could be found, there was no damage done. If there were no other, there was a damage to the right. If a man might walk across the open field of his neighbour, the damage done might be less in value than any coin of the realm. Yet if there were no damage to be assumed in this case, he might continue passing along that ground, till custom had grown into a right of thoroughfare. As the costs on the first Inquisition had not been mentioned, when the matter was already before the Court, they would not now be fixed upon the defendant, but he must be liable to those of the second inquisition, and the present application. The defendant should not, however, be again subjected to the enquiry before the Deputy Sheriff. The next should be had before a Judge of the Court.

ELEPHANT HUNT.

From a Calcutta Paper.

FOR the following authentic particulars of the late adventurous excursion from Hazaree Baug, in pursuit of two wild elephants, we are indebted to the pen of a correspondent:

"On the 24th instant, at midnight, information was received that two wild elephants of an uncommon size had made their appearance within a few hundred yards of cantonments, and close to a village, the inhabitants of which were in the greatest alarm. No time was lost, in dispatching all the public and private elephants at the station in pursuit of them; but at day break on the 25th advice was brought, that their very superior size and apparent fierceness had

had rendered all attempts for their seizure unavailing, and that the most experienced driver we had was dangerously hurt; the elephant on which he rode having been struck to the ground by one of the wild ones, with which its companion had afterwards retreated to a sugar-cane plantation, adjoining to the village of Juddees-pore. The guns were then immediately ordered to this place. But it being desirable, in the first instance, to try every means of catching the elephants, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood were assembled, with the assistance of Rajah —— Sing, and deep pits were prepared, on the edge of the sugar-cane, in which our elephants and people with the utmost difficulty contrived to retain these animals during the day. When the pits were reported ready, we repaired to the spot; and they were with much dexterity driven into them; but unfortunately one of the two did not prove sufficiently deep; and the elephant which escaped from it, was seen, in the presence of many witnesses, to assist his companion with his trunk, to extricate himself.—Both were however with much exertion brought back to the sugar-cane, and no particular symptoms of vice or fierceness having appeared in the course of the day, it was thought advisable to make another trial to catch them.

The Bildars therefore were set to work, to deepen the old and prepare new pits against day-break, when it was proposed to make the final attempt. At four o'clock in the morning, however, they burst through all the guards, and making for a village at about three miles distance, entered it with so much rapidity, that the horsemen, who galloped in front of them, had not time to apprize every inhabitant of his danger; and it is lamentable to add, that one poor man was torn limb from limb, a child trodden to death, and two females wounded. Their destruction now became absolutely necessary; and, as they shewed no inclination to quit the large village in which the mischief was done, we gained time to bring up the four-pounders, from which they soon received several round shot, and abundance of grape, each. The largest of the two was brought to the ground, by a round shot in the head; but, after remaining there for a quarter of an hour apparently lifeless, he got up again as vigorous as ever. The desperation of both at this period exceeded all description. They made repeated charges of near an hundred yards at the guns; and, had it not been for the uncommon steadiness and bravery of the artillery men, who more than once turned them off, by shots in the head and body, when within a few paces of them, many dreadful casualties must have occurred. We were now obliged to desist, for want of ammunition, and before a fresh supply could be obtained, the elephants quitted the village, and, though streaming with blood from an hundred wounds, proceeded with inconceiveable rapidity towards Hazaree Baug; they were at length brought up by the horsemen and our elephants, when within a very short distance of a crowded bazar; and ultimately, after many renewals of the most formidable and ferocious attacks upon the guns, they gave up the contest with their lives.

Nineteen four-pound shot have already been taken out of their bodies; eight or ten more, it is supposed, will yet be found.

SIR

SIR HEDWORTH WILLIAMSON'S STUD.

SIR Hedworth Williamson, whose death was announced in our Magazine for March, page 306, and in April, page 4, commenced upon the turf in 1785, in which year he ran a hunter (got by Swiss) at York, Newcastle, and Preston, which proved unsuccessful. He was afterwards owner of the following horses, &c. besides several others; viz.

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, &c.	When foaled.
Clehonger	Bred in Ireland		1782
Mazarine	North Star		1782
Maid of Orleans	Young Marsk	Hannah Frolick's dam	1784
Aldburgh	Young Marsk	Match'em	1786
Harper	Orpheus	Mary-Ann's dam, by Goldfinder	1786
Lizard	Phenomenon	Match'em	1787
Forester, (late Roman)	Phenomenon	Manilla's dam, by Old England	1788
Grasshopper	Laurel	Young Marsk	1788
Storm	Highflyer	Penultima, by Snap	1788
Treecreeper	Woodpecker	Trentham, out of Cunegonde	1789
Arethusa	Dungannon	Squirrel	1790
Hambleton	Dungannon	Sister to Juniper, by Snap	1791
Young Laura	Phenomenon	Laura, by Eclipse	1791
Bangtail	Highflyer	Catherine, by Y. Marsk	1792
Septem	Saltram	Imperatrix, by Alfred	1792
Shepherd	Sir Peter Teazle	Maid of Orleans	1792
Smallacre	Clehonger		1793
Sloven	Alexander	Doxy, by King Herod	1794
Honeycomb	Drone	Miss West, by Match'em	1795
Stripling	Phenomenon	Laura, by Eclipse	1795
Baby	Walnut	Lavinia, by King Fergus	1797
Br. Filly	Sir Peter Teazle	Rockingham	1797
Ches. Filly	Ruler	Treecreeper, by Woodpecker	1797
*Lancaster	Sir Peter Teazle	Dungannon	1798
Midnight	Trimmer		1799
†Walton	Sir Peter Teazle	Lancaster's dam	1799
‡Ditto	Sir Peter Teazle	Lancaster's dam	1800

* Honest

* In 1802, *Lancaster* was sold to Mr. Clifton for 600gs. and died in January, 1803, with a mortification in one of his fore feet, occasioned by the prick of a thorn. He was a good runner, having won four times when three years old, and five times when four years old.

† *Walton* won three King's Plates; a Class of the Oatlands Stakes, 200gs. twice 100gs. and twice 50l. at Newmarket; the King's Plates at Guildford, Salisbury, Winchester, Warwick, and Lichfield; also 50l. at Epsom, 60gs. at Winchester, 50l. and 60gs. at Lewes. He was afterwards a stallion at Newmarket; but at Sir H. Williamson's sale, at Newmarket, Tuesday, April 24, 1810, he was sold to Sir John Shelley, for 850gs.

‡ *Ditto* won the Derby Stakes at Epsom;—the Claret Stakes, the

Craven

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, &c.	When foaled.
*Honest Starling	Sir Peter Teazle	Sister to Windlestone, by Magnet, Le Sang, Rib	1800
†Transit	Beningbrough	Tandem, Alfred, out of Brim, by Squirrel	1800
‡Firelock	Beningbrough	Transit's dam	1801
Ches. Filly	Hambleton	Treecreeper	1802
Surrender	Hambleton	Laurel	1802
Bay Filly	Hambletonian	Coriander	1805
Bay Filly	St. George	Treecreeper	1805
§Pan	St. George	Lancaster's dam	1805
‖Echo	Sir Peter Teazle	Lancaster's dam	1807
¶Bay Colt	Firelock	Lancaster's dam	1809
**Bay Colt	St. George	Lancaster's dam	1810

Craven Stakes, and a compromise from Hedley at Newmarket;—also the King's Plate at Guildford.—He was afterwards a stallion at Dringhouses, near York, but was sold at the above sale to Mr. Hawkes for 510gs.

* *Honest Starling* was purchased of C. Wilson, Esq.—He won 50l. at Middleham;—the King's Plate and a Stakes of 300gs. (on the same day) at York;—the King's Plate at Doncaster;—the Cup at Middleham;—the King's Plate at Newcastle;—a 50l. Plate at York;—70l. at Richmond;—also 40gs. the King's Plate, and twice 50gs. at Kelso.—He then became a stallion in the North; but this season, 1810, covers at Snitterfield, near Stratford on Avon.

† *Transit* was purchased of the late Mr. John Hutchinson, of Shipton, near York, when a yearling, for 175gs.

‡ *Firelock* was also purchased of Mr. John Hutchinson, when a yearling, for 175gs.—In 1804, he won 80gs. and 50gs. at Newcastle;—60gs. at Lamberton;—and the Gold Cup at Richmond. In 1785, he won 180gs. at Newcastle; after which he got lame, and then became a stallion in the North, but covers this season at Dringhouses, near York.

§ *Pan*, in 1808, won the Derby Stakes at Epsom; and at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1809, he won a Stakes of 900gs. beating Vandyke and Chester.—He was sold at Sir H. Williamson's sale, to Mr. Bouverie, for 1350gs.

‖ *Echo*, engaged in the Oaks Stakes at Epsom, was also sold to Mr. Bouverie, for 1200gs.

¶ The Bay Colt, by Firelock, was sold at Sir H. Williamson's sale, to a gentleman in the North, for 305gs.

** The Bay Colt by St. George, with his dam, which is also the dam of Lancaster, Walton, &c. and covered again by the same stallion, was sold at the above sale to Lord Darlington, for 850gs.

The dam of Lancaster, Walton, &c. was bred by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, (foaled in 1792) and got by Dungannon; her dam by Prophet (a son of Regulus and Partner); grandam, Virago, by Snap, Regulus, out of an own sister to Black-and-All-Black, by Mr. Panton's Crab.

*** *Mr. Stapleton's Stud will be given in our next.*

SPORTING

SPORTING SUBJECTS IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1810.

PORTRAIT of a sportsman.—F. Sartorius.

Card players.—J. W. Childe.

Flora, a famous hunter, the property of the Earl of Darlington.—H. B. Chalon.

A charger in a skirmish without his rider.—Sir Francis Bourgeois, Knt. R. A.

Portraits of a poodle and Scotch terrier, the property of a lady.—H. B. Chalon.

A blood mare, the property of Sir F. Bourgeois.—R. B. Davis.

Draught players.—A. Geddes.

Portrait of the Hon. C. B. Phipps, and his favourite poney.—J. Ward, A.

A detachment of horse in the costume of Charles the First.—Sir F. Bourgeois, Knt. R. A.

The game of put.—E. Bird.

Landscape, with sporting figures.—P. Reinagle, A.

Portraits of horses belonging to a stage coach changing at an inn on the Edmonton road.—D. Wolstenholme.

Brood mares and foals.—J. Barenger.

Portrait of an Arabian horse, the property of the Right Hon. Lord Heathfield.—J. L. Agasse.

Portrait of a spaniel. — J. N. Sartorius.

The true English bull-dog.—C. Turner.

A girl feeding a rabbit.— A. Watté.

Portraits of stag-hounds in kennel.—S. Edwards.

Portrait of Eagle, a celebrated stallion.— J. Ward, A.

Portrait of a favourite horse, the property of Lord Viscount Deerhurst.—B. Marshall.

A well-known horse, the property of T. O. Hunter, Esq.—B. Marshall.

Portraits of game fowls.—S. Edwards.

Brighton, a famous hunter, the property of the Earl of Darlington.—H. B. Chalon.

Return from hunting by moonlight.—D. Wolstenholme.

Portraits of the daughter and Newfoundland dog of T. Hommey, Esq.—H. W. Pickersgill.

Boys playing at chess.—T. Stewardson.

Paddy, a famous hack, the property of Mr. West.—J. Barenger.

Cartouch, a famous poodle, the property of her R. H. the Duchess of York.—H. B. Chalon.

Portrait of a Dalmatian dog.—J. Barenger.

Portraits of a terrier and a tame badger, the property of a gentleman.—H. B. Chalon.

Portrait of a dog, the property of the Earl of Warwick.—J. Higton.

Dead hare.—G. Stevens.

A wolf.—G. W. Taitt.

Bears and dogs, after Sneyders, in the collection of the Right Hon. the Earl of Grosvenor.—J. Fittler, A. E.

Dead game.—J. Sillett.

Eaton, a portrait of a famous racer, the property of the Earl of Grosvenor.—H. B. Chalon.

Pheasant from nature.— Miss Dubuisson.

Study from nature of a favourite Bantam fowl.—Miss Baker, H.

Fairy, a famous Scotch terrier, the property of her R. H. the Duchess of York.—H. B. Chalon.

Portraits of two horses: a dray-horse, the property of H. Meux, Esq.; and hunters with hounds stopping to refresh at a public-house, returning from hunting.—D. Wolstenholme.

Portrait of Mr. Mathews, as Cypher, in the popular farce of "Hit or Miss."—S. de Wilde.

Costive, a portrait of a famous hound, the property of the Earl of Darlington.—H. B. Chalon.

Portrait of Mr. Boufoy's cart-horse.—J. N. Sartorius.

Evening.—Wearied sportsmen.—E. Gill.

Stabling, now building at Mrs. Clarke's cottage, Putney.—W. R. Laxton.

BACHELORS' ACRE, WINDSOR.

LOYAL FETE, WITH RURAL SPORTS, &C. OF THE BACHELORS OF WINDSOR.

THE Jubilee celebrated last year will long be remembered with pleasure. To the joy then experienced in every part of his Majesty's dominions, memory fondly returns, and a people grateful for the indulgence they have known, and properly sensible of the blessings they enjoy, are anxious to commemorate the past by erecting monuments, as splendid as they are permanent, that a proper idea of the public feeling on that occasion may be faithfully transmitted to posterity.

The return of the anniversary of her Majesty's birth (real) day was thought a proper period for renewing these rejoicings, and for perpetuating the remembrance of those past by the bachelors of Windsor. Great preparations were made to celebrate the day as another jubilee with every sort of festive mirth, when, unfortunately, the alarming illness of the Princess Amelia cast a cloud over the prospect once so bright, and caused the gloom of sorrow to take place of the sunshine of loyalty and joy.

On Friday the 18th, the Princess was understood to be so dangerously ill, that her dissolution was expected hourly to take place; under such circumstances, it was thought that joy, which might otherwise have been so well expressed, would not be grateful to the feelings of her Majesty and the Royal Family, and accordingly on that day it was agreed upon to postpone the intended rejoicings. A deputation from the Bachelors waited on those who had taken tickets to the dinner at the New Inn, to inform them that it was deferred, and the same information was transmitted to those residing at a distance, who intended visiting Windsor on the occasion.

On Saturday, the 19th, however, certain considerations caused different measures to be adopted. In the morning it was proclaimed through the town, that the Bachelors would dine, as was first proposed, at the New Inn; and that the sports previously announced should take place at their acre.

In the afternoon a great number of persons assembled, in consequence of the above intimation, at Bachelors' Acre. About three o'clock the sports commenced.

Six boys were matched against each other to eat a roll and treacle for a hat. They were elevated on a platform which had been previously erected, with their hands tied behind. The rolls having been well dipped in treacle, were suspended so that they could just reach, standing on tip-toe, to bite at them. Their endeavours to bite them soon set the whole in motion, and the faces of the competitors being quickly besmeared with the treacle so plentifully as to conceal every feature, exhibited a most ludicrous spectacle. The contest ended, a bag of feathers were produced, which were plastered with

a very

a very liberal hand, on the faces of the performers. This reward for their exertions was not much coveted by the roll and treacle eating *professors*, some of whom left the platform with greater precipitation than they had ascended it, entertaining the crowd with a somerset in their descent. The conductors of the sports were thus quickly left alone, when they had a *set-to* among themselves, smearing each others faces with treacle, and covering them with feathers, and thus ended act the first.

Six boys with their hands tied behind, as before, next amused the crowd by dipping for oranges in as many pails of water. The contest was quickly over, as the pails being overset, the oranges were instantly devoured. The conductors, however, had the address to make *a tie*, and thus caused a repetition of the scene.

Six boys, with their hands tied behind, were next started to hunt a cock, which was to be the prize of him who could first raise the creature from the ground by his mouth. Poor Chanticleer started in an immense ring, long evaded the endeavours of his pursuers to seize him, and though he constantly retreated, he caused his enemies many an overthrow.—He attempted to escape by his wings, but these being unfortunately clipped, his flight was short, and malgre all his efforts to avoid it, his capture at length took place.

A jingling match followed, and to that succeeded the amusement of grinning through horse collars. It is but justice to the conductors here to remark, that their exertions on this occasion tended not a little to heighten the scene and augment the pleasure of the spectators, as while the performers, with extended mouths, were eagerly contending for the prize of successful distortion of feature, by administering certain *delicacies*, with which they had provided themselves, they enabled the competitors on having their mouths thus unexpectedly filled, to treat the spectators with certain distortions of the visage which otherwise, perhaps, they would not have thought of making. The prize was for some time obstinately disputed by a *young gentleman* named *Sooty*, from his being a chimney sweep, by the crowd, and a bachelor distinguished by the appellation of "Blue Jacket." The prize was in the end unanimously decreed to "Blue Jacket."

A race for a gown followed, but the competitors for this prize were too small to afford much amusement. To that succeeded wheeling barrows blindfolded. As might be expected, the performers in this scene did not go quite straight. Those about them, however, *kindly* directed them to a pond, in which the two out of the three performers were plunged with their barrows.

To these diversions succeeded the amusement of jumping in sacks, and the entertainment concluded with a display of fire-works in the acre.

A numerous company of Bachelors dined at the New Inn. A very handsome obelisk has been erected in the Acre, formed of Portland stone, seventeen feet in height, which is inclosed by very elegant iron railing, given by Mr. Ramsbottom, the new Member for Windsor. It was finished on Saturday, and opened to public view.

In the front of it, the following inscription appears:—

GRAND NATIONAL JUBILEE,

Celebrated Oct. 25, 1809.

This Obelisk, to commemorate the happy event of his Majesty King

GEORGE

George III. entering the 50th year of his reign, was erected by the Bachelors of Windsor, as a tribute of gratitude for the particular esteem he has on all occasions manifested for their native town.

On the reverse the following :—

Grand National Jubilee, celebrated Oct. 25, 1809. The Bachelors of Windsor hereby gratefully record the condescension of her Majesty Queen Charlotte and her august Family, in honouring them with their presence in this Acre, to witness the roasting of an ox, the gift of R. O. Fenwick, Esq. of the Royal Horse Guards, Blues; of which, as also of plum pudding, provided by the Bachelors, they graciously partook, amidst the acclamations of the joyful populace to whom this old English fare was distributed.

It is well executed, and is a very elegant ornament to the Acre.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN CATTLE DOCTOR;

Or, a Practical Treatise on the Diseases of Horned Cattle :—wherein is laid down a concise and familiar explanation of all the diseases incident to oxen, cows, and sheep; together with the most simple and effectual method of curing each disorder through all its various stages; and the most efficacious treatment of cows, before, at, and after the time of calving, and also of ewes during the lambing season.— By Francis Clater.—8vo. pp. 376, 10s. 6d. boards; London, Crosby and Co. 1810.

In our Number for May, 1809, we introduced Mr. Clater to the notice of our readers, as the author of a valuable work, ("Every Man his own Farrier") and though his present work is not immediately a sporting subject, we chearfully renew our acquaintance with him, as the author of the treatise now under consideration. We have, indeed, very often been pained to see the miserable trash which has been obtruded upon the public, under the appellation of treatises on the diseases of cattle, &c.; and we have unavailingly regretted that the lives of valuable beasts should be exposed to risk under such precarious "*doctors.*" But our readers will be better enabled to appreciate the value of Mr. Clater's book, by having his own account of the objects he had in view laid before them: the author shall therefore speak for himself.

His motives for undertaking the present work are as follow :—

"I. They (*i. e.* cattle and sheep) have hitherto been almost entirely neglected; or have otherwise been considered as beneath the notice of medical gentlemen, whose abilities and opportunities certainly qualify them to convey better information than that which the author of the following sheets has been able to produce.

"II. In *most* of the different publications relative to *Neat Cattle and Sheep*, which the author has had an opportunity of inspecting, those parts which are appropriated to medical treatment, have very far exceeded the requisite bounds in the quantity of the doses prescribed; and thus, in all probability, the strength of many valuable beasts has been materially weakened, even although their lives should not have been shortened.

"For instance, in the works just adverted to, from *three* to *six ounces* of Glauber's Salts are prescribed for full-sized animals, whereas

whereas the author has always found that a less quantity than one pound would never purge full grown beasts, when in health; in fevers they require considerably more.

"III. It will likewise be seen, that most of the drinks, directed in the present volume, are so adjusted in point of quantity, as to produce the desired effect, when properly administered. The practitioner is frequently cautioned in different parts of this work, to see, that all articles containing an essential oil, such as seeds of every kind, and many of the roots, *be fresh pulverized at the time of using*; for, if kept in a powdered state, they in a short time lose all their medical virtue. Horse or Cattle powders, bought of wholesale dealers, are mostly adulterated, and may be purchased at one half the price, at which the seeds or roots of the same kind are sold.

"It is of the greatest importance to have genuine drugs, in the cure of the diseases peculiar to Neat Cattle, as well as in those incident to the human species. These animals do not require seeds and roots to be reduced into so fine a powder, as others that do not ruminate or chew their cud; as they have different stomachs for medicine, as well as food, to pass through, which are sufficient to extract the virtues of most vegetables."—Introd. p. xi.—xiv.

These remarks on drugs are not more judicious than important, and demand the attention of every one who has any interest in cattle.

The following is the plan of Mr. Clater's volume:—

"I. A concise description of every disease has been given, together with a particular method of treating the same through every stage.

"II. The proper method of compounding the different medicines is also detailed, detecting their qualities and regulating their doses, suitably to every age and size.

"III. A number of valuable Recipes are here made known, such as have never before been published. The author is fully aware that the generality of Cow-doctors, or Cow-leeches, will complain that many of the recipes are too expensive, and not likely to leave much profit. Be it, however, observed, that he has *not* considered the interest of *these persons*, but that of the owners, and the lives of the animals."—p. xv.

It would far exceed the limits we can assign to the present article, were we to specify all the various diseases which are here discussed. Such as require more than ordinary care are treated at considerable length. Of this description are the downfall in the udder of cows, red water, black water, fevers, &c. &c. &c. A small part of this work is appropriated to the description of the different diseases incident to young calves, together with the medicines suitable to each. Towards the close of this volume, there will be found a short treatise on sheep, containing their different diseases, symptoms, and methods of cure. Many of the maladies which have been deemed incurable in sheep, the author has treated with uncommon success.

We select the following remarks on bleeding, not, indeed, as the *best* specimen that might be produced, but because they are among the shortest which could be detached, and also because the subject itself is of general importance.

"SECTION XLI.

"Bleeding, when properly employed,

ployed, is productive of great and good effects, as also of much injury when improperly resorted to. It is useful in checking the progress of all inflammatory diseases. The following are the chief symptoms that indicate bleeding to be necessary; viz.

"I. Where animals in a thriving state rub themselves until they fetch off the hair, the spot being frequently covered with a dry scab; in this state not more than *half the usual quantity* should be taken at one time.

"II. In all kinds of inflammatory diseases where the eyes appear red or inflamed, and the veins puff up and seem considerably larger than common.

"III. In fevers, bruises, hurts, wounds upon the head, strains in different parts; and

"IV. In all other accidents that may occur to the animal where there is reason to apprehend a stagnation of blood.

"The manner of performing this operation is too well known to require any description.

"The *fleam* is an instrument in general use for Oxen: the quantity of blood that may be proper to take away at one time cannot here be determined; but must be regulated according to the size, condition, and the disease under which the animal may labour at the time. In many inflammatory diseases too much can hardly be taken, provided the beast be not faint, or likely to fall down. A strong healthy beast will bear the loss of three or four quarts of blood, without the least injury; larger Cattle, that are attacked with inflammatory fevers, will bear a larger proportion to be taken away at once than usual: but it will be found better in these diseases not to take away too large a quantity at once, but to repeat it occasionally. The animal should neither be suffered to drink cold water immediately after bleeding, nor to graze in the field: the former may chill the blood, and the latter may cause the orifice to bleed again. If this operation be performed in the summer season, it will be best to fetch them out of the pasture towards evening; bleed, and let them stand in the fold-yard all night; and the next morning take them to their pasture.—pp. 259—261.

From the preceding extracts and remarks, our readers (we think) will be able to form a pretty accurate estimate of the present volume. From the simplicity of its style and manner, the plain directions for treating the different diseases, as also the preparation and administering of medicines, we cordially recommend it to the attention of our readers in general, and to all who are in any way concerned or interested in cattle. A handsome engraving, illustrative of the different breeds of cattle, is prefixed by way of frontispiece; and as all the prescriptions are regularly numbered for reference, this circumstance is calculated to render the book useful as a pharmacopœia for cattle. A good index terminates the volume.

A MODEST DEFENCE OF GAMING.

THAT this cause should hitherto have wanted advocates, will, no doubt, appear singular; for though the professors themselves are not at leisure to deal in controversy, it might be expected their dependants would take the pen in their behalf. However, as gratitude

tude has not done them this good office, justice shall, and I hope those noble personages will interpret with their usual candour the intentions of one, who honours them for their principles, though he is a stranger to their persons: principles that open and enlarge the soul; dear to philosophy, because they are founded in the contempt of worldly things; friends to policy, because they make money to circulate, and teach industry the way to thrive; something allied to religion, too, for *they fill the hungry with good things, and send the rich empty away.*

It is alledged against the practice of *gaming*, that the heirs of great families are often ruined by the vices of their parents, and reduced from a state of affluence to struggle against poverty, with a spirit broken by disappointment. Let us argue this matter calmly:—The mischiefs of a vicious education are universally lamented, and I hope all will concur to apply the remedy, wherever found, without any mixture of passion or prejudice. I say, then, it is one main end of the wise institution of *gaming*, to prevent or correct the effects of a vicious education, and to secure our youth from intemperance by the salutary restraints of want and poverty. It is the confidence of inheriting great estates, that naturally begets idleness and debauchery; and do we censure those whose unwearied practice it is to abate this confidence? It is to this *independant* spirit we owe the existence of those creatures we call *bucks*, and from this is derived that monstrous brood of *country squires*, whose sole business it is to *hunt and kill foxes*. But if the principles of play were duly attended to, the heirs of *gaming* families would reflect on their precarious situation, and shelter themselves in some liberal profession. They would consider that industry and application might set things right; interest would charm them to virtue, though they had stopt their ears to reason and conscience, for all *well-bred* persons are agreed to detest poverty more, if possible, than learning itself.

Still it will be urged, that the daughters of gamesters are unprovided for in this scheme, whom custom, if not nature, hath barred from all resources of industry, except such as are beneath the dignity of noble birth, and therefore, in the case above mentioned, they are inevitably exposed either to poverty or contempt. 'Tis confessed, their education differs from our's: they cannot flourish at the bar, or bluster in a campaign, but they may exercise their genius at *whist*, or their courage at the *faro-table*; the *card-assemblies* are still open to their industry and *ingenuity*—the noblest scene, wherein the female talents can be exerted. Neither is any great fund necessary for this, if we consider the known prerogatives of the sex: when they win they have speedier payment; when they lose—*they have longer credit*. And certain it is, whatever pain it may give us to confess it, the ladies have the *powers* of gaming in greater perfection than the men. What enthusiasm in their hopes! what judgment in their fears! what skill in changing places, veering about, when the wind of fortune is in their teeth; how dexterously do they *shuffle!* how critically do they *cut!* how do they penetrate into an adversary's game—*as it were with a glance!* then they calculate! thought cannot keep pace with them: doubt-

less

less they play the *whole game* with greater success than we can pretend to do. But supposing they had no resource, it is only a particular instance of distress from which no state hath been exempted; an accident by which the best purposes of industry and virtue have sometimes miscarried: it is no disgrace to gamesters, that they are foiled by fortune, who hath *lurched* generals in her time, and statesmen, too, when they have looked wisest.

Some, like Roderigo, to put money in their purse, have sold all their lands; why not? gaming, like the law, abhors perpetuties; property is in constant circulation; but then, like the sea, what it loses on one shore it gains on another; and if some can be mentioned whom *play* hath reduced to beggary, I could engage (if it would not offend their modesty) to name many more, whom it has *taken out of the mire to set them with princes.*

Now to view the affair in another light: pray where is the difference in point of morality between the *gamester* that traffics with his stock at home, and the merchant that sends it abroad on foreign ventures? but it will be asked, "I call the profession of gamesters a trade?" yes, certainly! one of the most flourishing in the kingdom, and if they get themselves erected into a corporation, 'tis what I have long expected, and they cannot do a better thing. But to proceed:—The situation of our country inclines us to commerce, and the genius of our people determines them to play. The merchant often risks his whole effects in one bottom, and the gentleman often hazards all his estate upon one *rubber*. 'Tis very true, they are both liable to the strokes of fortune, for one cannot command the winds and the waves, any more than the other can the aces and honours; but their designs are the same, equally tending to advance their family, and to serve their country. The whole distinction is, that when the fatal stroke happens, one is styled a bankrupt, and the other a *gull*; but for my own part, I must be indulged in calling the gamester in those circumstances a *broken merchant*, because it was the term we used at school when a boy had lost all his marbles. But now, to see the different treatment the mis-judging world affords to these two baffled adventurers: one is received with pity, the other with infamy; neglected by his friends, insulted by his enemies—despised by all!—This is the reward of distressed men in this *Northern* climate! These are the fruits a gentleman is to expect, after having sacrificed his time, health, and quiet, in the prosecution of a noble scheme, merely because he has happened, in the experiment, to beggar himself and his posterity.

(To be continued.)

ANCIENT SPORTS AND GAMES.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following curious enumeration of the sports and games, which, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, appear to have been most prevalent, is extracted from a very scarce book, entitled, "The Letting of Humour's Blood in the Head-Vaine, with a new Morisco, daunced by seven Satyrs upon the bottome of Diogenes Tubbe." Imprinted at London by W. White, 1611, 8vo.

This

This is one of those curious little tracts, which the commentators on Shakespeare have occasionally called in to their assistance. Ritson, in his Bibliographia Poetica, mentions an edition, with the same title, in quarto, printed in 1600, and adds, that it was "reprinted in 1607, under the title of 'Humors Ordinarie; where a man may be verie merrie, and exceeding well used for his Sixpence.'

It appears the author was Samuel Rowlands, a prolific poetical pamphletteer, whose other writings in verse are mentioned in Ritson's work already quoted.

It consists of thirty-seven epigrams and seven satires: from the fourth of the latter the following is selected by

Your's, &c.

J. J. B.

"Man, I dare challenge thee to throw the sledge,
To jumpe, or leape ouer ditch or hedge;
To wrestle, play at stoole-ball, or to runne,
To pitch the barre, or to shoote off a gunne;
To play at loggets, nine holes, or ten pinnes;
To try it out, at foot-ball by the shinnes:
At tick-tacke, Irish, noddie, maw and ruffe,
At hot-cockles, leap-frogge, or blindman buffe:
To drinke halfe pots, or deale at the whole can;
To play at base, or pen and inkhorne Sir Jhan;
To daunce the morris, play at barley-brake,
At all exploytes a man can think or speake:
At shoue-groate, venter-point, or cross and pile,
At beshrow him that's last at yonder style:
At leaping ore a Midsomer bon-fire,
Or at the drawing Dan out of the myer:
At any of those, or all these, presently
Wagge but your finger, I am for you; I.
I scorne that any youngster of our towne,
Should let the Bow-bell cockney put me downe."

FOX AND HARE-HUNTING IN THE NORTH, &c.

THE Editor of the *York Herald*, (a print celebrated for Sporting Intelligence) has, in his paper of the 12th instant, furnished a recapitulation of the general occurrences of the last Fox-hunting Season, in the North: he sets out with observing, that the beginning of the season "was so open, that nearly all the horses were 'rode off their legs'—and even Lord Fitzwilliam, with his extensive stud of hunters, had not more than his favourite mare and another left to ride. Lord Darlington, we understand, was in the same predicament, as well as many others—when a seasonable frost and snow gave rest to the dogs, a respite to the foxes, and physic to the hunters.

"Lord Darlington's Fox-hounds.—This most excellent pack have had, as usual, uncommon fine sport during the season, except in the Boroughbridge country, which is owing to the young coverts not being yet sufficiently got up.—These hounds are much admired by sportsmen; they are very high bred, full of bone, and of great size. Amongst the hardest riders are, Lord Darlington, Sir T. Pilkington, Messrs. Trotter, Treacher, Osbaldeston, Allan, T. Shafto, Witham, Hartley, Silvertop, Hopper, F. Hartley, Lowson, E. Parker, R. W. Peirse, E. Stourton, Frankland, P. Walbran, R. Bell, Robinson, &c. &c.

"The Confederate Fox-hounds have experienced, during the season, in different parts of the country, a want of foxes; particularly on the Wold country, where the warreners *will* be their enemies. The Club at Beverley has lost

some

some of its members from the West and North Ridings; but the East still continues in force; as the Holderness country has to boast a supply of game, and the farmers are fond of the diversion, as well as their appearance in the field, being preparatory to the Hunters' Stakes at Malton. Among the dashing riders are, Messrs. Legard, T. Sykes, Hill, Acklom, Schonswar, Bower, Browne, Johnson, Best, Scatchard, Foord, Batty, &c. &c.

"Mr. L. Fox's Hounds—throughout the season when the weather would permit, had most excellent sport. Indeed they have seldom gone out without having a celebrated run, several of which we have noticed in our department of the Chase.—This pack always gives general satisfaction; they are remarkable for their blood, bone, and beauty.—Amongst the riders are the Hon. M. Hawke, Messrs. Yorke, Starkie, Clough, Jadis, Sotheron, Beal; also occasionally those gentlemen who follow Lord Darlington's hounds and the Confederate hounds.

"The Lambton Foxhounds have had the best sport, during the last season, ever known since their establishment; particularly during the Sedgefield meetings, where foxes were plentiful. In Northumberland and Cleveland, foxes were scarce, and few good runs took place. They are allowed by all judges to be one of the handsomest and fleetest packs in the North of England, and have been ably hunted this season by Mr. Lambton, since the death of the old huntsman, Shelley. Amongst the boldest and forwardest riders are, Messrs. Lambton, Baker, Trotter, Allan, Wright, Shafto, T. Shafto, Kirton, Robinson, Witham, Barrett, Wharton, Wetenhall, &c. &c.

"Hurworth Foxhounds.—No pack of hounds have had severer or longer chases than this celebrated little pack, which hunt only twice a week. They have been well attended by the neighbouring sportsmen, particularly the concluding day of the season, when they had a capital run of near two hours, and were attended by the Earl of Darlington and a large party of the Raby Hunt, who expressed great satisfaction in the day's sport. Amongst their hardest riders are, Messrs. Wilkinsons, Collings, Chaytor, Davison, Wetherell, Meynell, White, G. Smith, &c. &c.

"The Duke of Rutland's Foxhounds have had as great an attendance of sporting visitors as any pack in England, and are stated as having had, throughout the season, capital sport.

"Earl Fitzwilliam's Hounds—Have been well attended, especially in Northamptonshire, where they have killed a great number of foxes, and have had many severe and excellent runs. His Lordship's hounds hunt but little in Yorkshire. They are a fine pack, and are well hunted.

"Lord Lonsdale's Hounds.—These hounds have been very successful during the season; have had good sport; and killed many foxes. The gentlemen who chiefly hunt with this pack, are those who likewise go out with the Duke of Rutland's and Mr. Smith's.

"The celebrated pack of Lord Scarbrough, whose whole equipment is in the most perfect style, had a gloom thrown over them, by the unfortunate death of Mr. Gascoigne, who was killed as he was following them: and which affect-

ed their owner so much, that he was absent from them many weeks. These hounds have had many good runs, and afforded much vigour and life to the chase.

"Lord YARBOROUGH'S HOUNDS—*Brocklesby*—are a very fine pack, and have afforded very good diversion to the gentlemen in that neighbourhood; but we have not heard that they have had any remarkable runs. This Hunt is of a long establishment.

"Mr. OSBALDESTON'S HOUNDS, *(Burton)*, formerly Lord Monson's—are a most excellent pack, and have been boldly hunted by Mr. Osbaldeston.—They have had many severe and hard runs, and afforded much real sport to the gentlemen in that part of the country. The field is always well and dashingly attended, but we are unacquainted with the names of daring riders.

"Colonel THORNTON'S HOUNDS, &c.—During the season the Colonel has been amusing in a liberal and capital style, from his residence at Spy-Park, the gentlemen of Wiltshire, Somersetshire, &c. with his foxhounds, staghounds, and lap-dog beagles.—His establishment of the whole is excellent, and has afforded much good diversion to sportsmen.

"The EASINGWOOD HARE-HOUNDS—have afforded much good sport during the season; they have been well hunted, and well followed.

"YORK SUBSCRIPTION HARRIERS—under the direction of their old and steady master, John Yeoman, have been well attended, and afforded many excellent runs to the sportsmen of York and its neighbourhood.

"HARE-HUNTING, according to reports, was continued longer than usual, and perhaps too late—but the wintry weather of the spring retarded the breeding, and in some measure gave a license.

COURSING.

(From the same source.)

"Coursing has had a number of additional Meetings in the South. In the North, they appear to continue much the same. The Went-bridge Meeting near Doncaster, is well attended. The Yeomen of the Howden country have a meeting at Market-Weighton, and a Cup for their best dog. The Malton Meeting flourishes as usual, and is as much celebrated as ever for its greyhounds. Major Topham's bitch, that won the February Cup, seems to have been thought the best that appeared there during the year. Mr. Best and Sir Thomas Slingsby, who often stand first, have this season not been so fortunate; though very forward of course.

"Mr. SWINFEN, it is said, means to challenge all England the next year. We hope it will be on the best ground."

Remarks on the impropriety of hunting Fox with Harriers.

"On reviewing the history of the CHASE during the late season, we cannot help, however, expressing our regret, that, instead of zealously preserving the distinction which ought to subsist between FOX-HUNTING and HARE-HUNTING, several of our modern sportsmen have betrayed a *penchant* for confounding these two opposite diversions. This propensity is become so notorious in the North-Riding of this county, that three or four packs of harriers have, to

our knowledge, been employed occasionally in the *civic*, and no less *honourable*, amusement of hunting BAG FOXES. It is no later than three or four weeks ago, that a fox, which had been forcibly extracted from the stony bowels of Hambleton, was turned down before some animals of the *canine species*, on Catton Moor, by whom it was destroyed, after what was emphatically styled "A MOST GLORIOUS CHASE." It is but justice, however, to advert, that the members of a neighbouring Hare-hunt are become so sensible of the incongruity and illiberality of such practices, that they have made it a standing order, never to hunt a fox, or molest a fox-cover, on any pretence whatever. If some method indeed is not adopted for *curtailing* the excesses of these *prurient* Nimrods, there is every reason to apprehend that the mountainous breed of foxes, which descending into the vale of Mowbray rendezvoused at Sessay Wood, and rendered it so famous in the annals of the chase, will soon be extinct; it being well known, that this covert has hardly afforded a run either to Lord Darlington's, or the Confederate Foxhounds, for the last two years."

FURTHER ACCOUNT

OF THE

EPPING EASTER HUNT.

(See our last Mag. p. 47.)

THE uncommon brilliancy of the day attracted vast numbers to witness this charming sight. The ladies in carriages surpassed in number, splendour, and beauty, all that had ever appeared there before. Several real sportsmen, friends of Col. Thornton, together with many Newmarket men, taking the advantage of hunting on that day, in their way to the races, added greatly to the unusual display of company.—By those accustomed to this annual assemblage, the numbers were estimated at above thirty thousand, the very trees being occupied by persons of all descriptions, eager to view the gay scene.

At twelve o'clock, Col. Thornton arrived in a sporting barouche, drawn by four cream-coloured Arabians, and the ladies in the carriage with him all in scarlet uniform. The warmth of the day rendered the refreshments offered by them to the gentlemen most acceptable, and which consisted, from what we could perceive, of sanwiches, with champaign or other French wines, drank out of a gold fox's head—a prize formerly won by Colonel Thornton's hounds.

Next came the huntsman, whippers-in, and helpers, mounted or leading six high-bred chesnut horses, said to be descendants of Eclipse, and with them the hounds, all of the same colour fawn and white.

The deer was now ordered by the Colonel to be uncarted, which was done with great difficulty, the populace being so extremely anxious, and leaving no opening for him to go off. He was ornamented, according to custom, with gay-coloured ribbons, which many of the cockneys, who had but an imperfect sight of the animal, supposed to be part of his natural hue. In clearing his way through the people, he leaped over a gig and horse, creating much alarm, and then dashed into the forest. The huntsman was compelled, from the concourse of people, to make a con-

considerable circuit before he could lay on his hounds.

The deer, as may be imagined, was headed at every instant. The hounds, however, settling to their scent, drove him out of the forest, which induced the Colonel to order them to be stopped, to prevent that mischief which must unavoidably have happened to many an honest farmer.

The hounds returning into the forest, soon run into a herd of red deer, when a fine old one was singled out, and after a run of great speed and close hunting, through clouds of dust, dry roads hardened by easterly winds, and baked by an intense sun, in about three hours was gallantly run into and killed, to the admiration of every good sportsman, who had conceived it impossible that any hounds could have afforded sport under such circumstances.

The deer that was first turned out escaped from the cause beforementioned, but not until followed for ten or twelve miles by horsemen, who conceived the hounds to be coming in their rear. The game then taking soil, some of the London sportsmen, anxious to see a red deer, and more so the famous one called Mrs. Clarke, which had afforded so much sport on Salisbury plain, in attempting to gratify their curiosity, tumbled into the water, and on the animal's bounding out, some of their horses ran away, whereby many falls were experienced. Many horses were lamed, but no serious accident, as we have heard, took place, which is matter of surprise, considering the number of people attending.

Why we have taken some pains to get at the particulars of the above day's sport, is to expose certain persons, who put together the materials of the daily papers, and who, instead of giving themselves the trouble to acquire the facts, turn to the last year's account of the hunt, and give merely a repetition of repetitions for twenty years back. This method of *doing* (as it is called) a paper is disgraceful, and not more contemptible than as in a late instance, where a severe criticism appeared in a weekly paper on a theatrical performance, which, it is true, had been *announced*, but was not *performed!*

LORD ERSKINE'S BILL,

To prevent Cruelty to Animals.

WE noticed in our Magazine for May, 1809, (No. 200, page 73, vol. xxxiv.) the noble Lord's former efforts to obtain a Bill for the above humane purpose, and which was ultimately lost:—His Lordship renewed his efforts again in the House of Lords, on the 17th of last month, and then presented a fresh Bill for the prevention of cruelty to brute animals; observing, that he had introduced a clause for the purpose of obviating the objections which had been alledged in the other House of Parliament, whereby it would be requisite that the indictment should charge the offence to be done wantonly and maliciously; and upon the motion of the noble Lord, the Bill was read the first time.

On the 7th of the present month (May), the following proceedings took place on the Bill in the House of Lords:—

Upon the order of the day being read—

Lord Erskine rose for the purpose of moving, that the Bill which he

he had introduced for preventing cruelty to the brute creation, be read a second time. This Bill was almost the same with that which received their Lordships' concurrence during the last Session of Parliament. The only alteration he had made was, the omission of one word, and the insertion of a new clause. In the former, persons were made amenable to punishment who should " maliciously, and with wanton cruelty, cut, wound, maim, beat, or otherwise abuse," but in the Bill before them, he had considered it expedient to omit the word " beat." The clause to which he had alluded, made it requisite that the indictment should charge the offence to have been committed " maliciously, and with wanton cruelty." This might, or might not remain, or receive alteration in one of its future stages. He had, last year, particularly stated all those reasons which urged him to adopt the principle of this Bill, and bring it forward in the shape of a law. Their Lordships had, at that time, paid great attention to all which he had said on the subject, and they should now receive a valuable consideration, for he would not trouble them with a repetition of those arguments by which he had supported the principle. The Bill had, last Session, received the unanimous concurrence of that House; but it was not in consequence of that unanimity alone he again submitted this measure to the consideration of Parliament; for, although the House of Commons had dealt differently with the Bill, yet, he had a right to say, the majority were in its favour, as appeared upon its being read a second time. Certainly it had been opposed by great ability and eloquence, on the part of those who differed from him in sentiment, and he was willing to treat that opposition with respect; for, God forbid, that any man, maintaining warmly his own opinion, should not permit others to enjoy the indisputable right of maintaining theirs. The noble Lord concluded by moving, " That the Bill be read the second time."

Lord Ellenborough was satisfied, that whatever shade of difference existed between him and his Noble and Learned Friend, as to the expediency of the means, he most cordially concurred with him in the object of the Bill, that of preventing the wanton exercise of cruelty towards the brute creation. It occurred to him, that the manner in which the part of the Bill was worded, where it stated the offence to be the " maliciously, and with wanton cruelty, cutting, wounding, maiming, and *otherwise abusing*," was likely to be attended with injurious effects. The words " otherwise abusing," admitted of that latitude, which might, in the administration of law, produce greater cruelty to the human species than that practised upon brute animals. Excepting these words, which would certainly incur his opposition, he most readily concurred in the principle and object of the Bill.

Some others of the Law Lords expressed their objections to the Bill, on the ground of its being a novel proposition to legislate for animals.

Lord Erskine conceived the words alluded to by his Noble and Learned Friend, Lord Ellenborough, would not be attended with the evils he apprehended. Their being necessarily connected with those words precedent, " maliciously

ously and with wanton cruelty," would, in his opinion, prevent any mischievous effect. But if, in the course of the future progress of the Bill, their Lordships should entertain a different opinion, he should feel himself disposed to concur in the alteration.

The Bill was then read a second time, and ordered to be committed.

It appears that a pause has taken place in the proceedings on this Bill.—As our day of publication is fast approaching, we are compelled to defer the result until next month.

RULES

TO BE OBSERVED AT CARDS IN PRIVATE FAMILIES.

(From Chesterfield Travestie.)

" Behold four Kings, in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers, and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand:
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain."

Rape of the Lock.

IF it should so happen that your friend asks you to take a hand at cards, deny it in a peremptory manner; pretend to ten thousand businesses you have to transact; but after you have once made a sitting, keep him till five, at least, the next morning, for your own amusement; shew by various signs and tokens your impatience to win, like a master-barber playing at cribbage with his journeyman.

Use as many bye-words as possible during your play; as "There it is, the curse of Scotland, plague take that nine of diamonds, its always getting to my hand; *die a maid* again; that's the barber; just the dandy; one for his nob (on turning up the jack at all-fours); no luck under the deuce; bad luck now, the better another time; I've a hand like a fist; it is a sign of matrimony when the king and queen come together; two heads are better than one; it is better to be born fortunate than rich; the king and the knave together—that bodes no good." These expressions are very entertaining, and serve to pass away a few hours very agreeably.

If you be playing at all-fours, don't regard the counting cards, but make your scores with chalk, and rub them out as occasion may require, by moistening the end of your finger.

If any difference arise at play, be as obstinate as possible, and by no means submit to another person's judgment, though you know you are in the wrong; let your passion get up in the same degree that you are contradicted, till you get as warm as a Welch footman when he is told that he is no gentleman.

Giggling and talking to standers by, with other necessary interruptions, should be particularly attended to, as it is so like a company of country cousins, playing at *whisk* in an obscure village, in the Christmas holidays.

Demand the stakes that you win with the eagerness of a young barrister receiving a fee from a necessitated attorney, when delivering him a brief.

If any, through forgetfulness, has omitted putting down his stake,

bawl

bawl out like the master of a cook-shop, when a suspicious customer is leaving the house, "Has that gentleman paid?"

When you lose, never pay before you are asked; it is quite time enough; and then do it with reluctance, so as plainly to shew you had much rather keep it in your pocket.

On the other hand, if you win, dart on the deposit like a rattle-snake on a tame rabbit.

If it happen that the person you are playing with shews any symptoms of discontent at his losses, in order to give him a fair chance to recover himself, sit game after game, till a voyage made to and from the Cape of Good Hope!

It has a very good effect for a wife to look over her husband's hand while he is playing; at the same time shewing evident marks of anger and discontent if he loses.

If a person be passionate at play, endeavour to provoke him by every means in your power; it often causes great entertainment to the persons present.

It shews excellent good-breeding, if you are a mere looker-on, to run about the room, viewing people's cards, peeping here and there, with incessant curiosity, at the same time dropping hints about what each contains; this, if well managed, has a very interesting effect.

If you are a considerable loser, pay no regard to what is ridiculously called the rules of decency and good manners, but boldly let fly a volley of oaths and expressions of anger at your ill success. "Did you ever see such d—d luck?—How much, I wonder, have I lost?—I begin to think all is not quite fair, but I'll be d—nd if I don't find it out;—there again, curse that queen of spades, but it is always my luck; I am firmly persuaded that if I had been brought up a hatter, men would have been made without heads, on purpose to vex me!"

Insult upon success, and fret over your losses; in short, shew a passionate unevenness of disposition in lieu of the plain formality of equanimity of temper.

If you are a person of figure, and enabled to give splendid balls and routes, contrive to engage a few of the gentlemen vulgarly termed black-legs, to mix with your card-parties under the feigned titles of Baron, Count, Marquis, &c. No matter how your guests are plundered, so there is a good understanding between you and the plunderers.

If you are in a more humble line, contrive to go what is vulgarly called snacks with your servants, in any gratuity allowed by the company. At all events, contrive to be a gainer by your liberality; and there is no doubt but in time you will arrive to be one of the first leaders of the *haut ton*!

REMARKS

ON SPORTING SUBJECTS IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SINCE putting to the press that part of our Magazine containing the list of sporting subjects in the Royal Academy for the present year, we have received the following letter, to the conclusion of which we shall add a few words, in reference to our future intentions respecting Engravings, &c.

To the Conductor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR—As I perceive by the subjects

jects of those plates with which you embellish your very entertaining monthly miscellany, and which progressively increase in value and merit, that you are a friend to the polite arts, I have sent you a few remarks upon the more prominent instances of sporting illustration, that have appeared in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, for the present year.

The Portrait of a Sportsman, by F. Sartorius, possesses claims to our praise; yet it is not in the delineation of the human character that Mr. Sartorius excels.

The Portrait of Flora, Lord Darlington's hunter, by H. B. Chalon, is among the best of those paintings, in this year, which have horses for their immediate subject.

A Charger, without his rider, by Sir Francis Bourgeois, Knight of the Polar Star, Royal Academician, and all that, is but a miserable attempt to represent that noble animal, the horse, in a state of extreme action.—It is pretty evident, that on this occasion the subject hath run away from the painter, as his faculties seem to have been distanced, by many a mile.—To be frank with Sir Francis, and "putting the honour of his Knighthood aside," we would seriously recommend to him, never again to make the stable his study, but leave that polite academy to the Four-in-hand Clubs, and their monitors, the grooms; as the Chevalier hath given us no evidence to prove, that he is either "prime," or "bang up to the mark."

Bears and Dogs, after Sneyders, in the collection of the Right Honourable Earl Grosvenor, by J. Fittler, associate engraver in the Royal Academy.—We are not only happy to bear our testimony to the graphic merit of this instance of art, but we ardently hope, that it may operate to excite a laudable resolution in our Nobility and Gentry, and the public in general, to encourage its professors: and we are the more particularly impressed with the necessity for such patronage, as we perceive this useful, and, indeed, noble art, to be declining annually, in a way that threatens its extinction, provided some effectual means are not administered to give it added vigour, and raise its drooping head from neglect, and consequent destruction.

Paddy, a famous hack, the property of Mr. West, by J. Barenger.—There are traits of genius in this performance, which may serve as prognostics of the future celebrity of the artist, provided he is young and industrious.

Portrait of an Arabian Horse, the property of the Right Hon. Lord Heathfield, by J. L. Agasse.—There is much vigour of mind expressed in this portrait, although it is destitute of those accurate points of drawing, which so eminently characterised the late Mr. Stubbs; and of that taste which enabled him to make his animals picturesque, when nature and truth would not allow him to make them apparently agile and beautiful.

If we regard those animals that are called picturesque, we may discover a tincture of the sublime in their characters, when young, and of rude beauty when in decay—The ass is eminently so, much more than the horse.—Among dogs, the Pomeranian and the rough water-dog, are more picturesque than the smooth spaniel or greyhound—the shaggy goat than the sheep:—The wild appearance

pearance of deer, their lively action, their sudden bounds, the intricacy of their branching horns, are all circumstances highly picturesque.

Among savage animals, the lion with his rough and majestic mane, is more picturesque than the lioness, though she may be equally an object of terror.

W.

[We have to announce, that (in addition to the plate of *Costive*, given in this month's Magazine) engravings of *Flora*, No. 14 in the catalogue, and mentioned in the foregoing letter, with another hound, the property of the Earl of Darlington, will be given in future Numbers of the *Sporting Magazine*.]

DERBY AND OAKS.

BETTINGS on the Derby, at Tattersall's, Monday, May 14.

3 to 1 agst the Duke of Grafton's Pledge.

7 to 2 agst the Duke of Grafton's Whalebone.

4 to 1 agst Lord Grosvenor's Hephestion.

10 to 1 agst any one of Lord Egremont's four.

12 to 1 agst Lord Grosvenor's Eccleston.

15 to 1 agst Major Wilson's Erebus, by Young Whiskey.

18 to 1 agst Mr. Lake's The Dandy, by Gohanna.

18 to 1 agst Mr. C Smith's bay colt, by Kill-Devil, out of Blowing's dam.

20 to 1 agst Lord G. H. Cavendish's Candour, by Waxy.

20 to 1 agst Lord Stawell's Brother to Sir David.

Betting for the Oaks.

2 to 1 agst the Duke of Grafton's Pledge.

9 to 2 agst Sir W. Gerard's Oriana, by Beningbrough.

6 to 1 agst Lord Grosvenor's Donna Clara.

8 to 1 agst Lord Barrymore's Echo, Sister to Ditto.

10 to 1 agst Lord Egremont's fillies, by Gohanna.

10 to 1 agst Sir F. Standish's filly, by Young Eagle.

11 to 2 agst Pledge winning the Derby and Oaks.

5 to 4 agst the Duke of Grafton's winning both the Derby and Oaks with Pledge and Whalebone.

6 to 4 Pledge, Whalebone, and Hephestion against the field for the Derby.

Very great betting for the Derby.

Bettings for the Derby, May 28.

3 to 1 agst Whalebone.

3 to 1 agst Hephestion.

9 to 2 agst Pledge.

9 to 1 agst Eccleston.

8 to 1 agst Ld Egremont's gang.

12 to 1 agst The Dandy.

12 to 1 agst Abdiel.

100 to 6 agst Erebus.

11 to 8 the field agst Pledge and Whalebone.

2 to 1 Pledge, Whalebone, and Hephestion, agst the field.

9 to 1 agst Pledge winning Derby and Oaks.

Oaks.

2 to 1 agst Pledge.

3 to 1 agst Sir F. Standish's filly.

5 to 1 agst Donna Clara.

6 to 1 agst Oriana.

10 to 1 agst Echo.

12 to 1 agst Janette.

14 to 1 agst the Sister to Eleanor.

15 to

15 to 1 agst the Goth filly.
20 to 1 agst the Amazon filly.
20 to 1 agst Mr. Lake's Woodpecker filly.
10 to 1 agst naming both winners for Derby and Oaks, barring Pledge.

PUGILISTIC DINNER, &c.

GREGSON, who now keeps a public-house near Holborn, was honoured and benefited, on Tuesday, the 1st instant, by the attendance of several of his patrons at a subscription dinner, fifty tickets for which, at a guinea each, were taken by ten gentlemen, who distributed them as they pleased, some to other gentlemen, and some to the superior class of boxers. Among the latter were Messrs. Gully, Jackson, Richman, Cribb, Dogherty, and T. Belcher. There was also in a room below stairs a crowd of performers of less note.

After a good dinner, songs were given by two theatrical gentlemen, who attended to mix the charms of music with the severer entertainments of the day.

The cloth removed, and after some exquisite sparring, it was proposed to have a little real boxing. A subscription of twenty pounds was instantly made, and the only question was, who should fight. There is a youthful aspirer to fame, named Powers, who had frequently desired to be entered upon the fighting list, and there was a general anxiety to see him perform. He was sent for, and it was agreed, that he should choose his man; but he could not then be found. Young Cribb was therefore called up from the class below, and matched against Dogherty.—After a most gratifying exchange of many of the severest blows ever known, young Cribb relinquished the prize. Powers, who, in the mean time, had been found, then came in, and another prize of twenty pounds was collected; but there was an extreme nicety in his taste. He deeply lamented that Mr. Dogherty had been fighting, for it was with him alone that he wished to fight. He would not fight T. Belcher; he would not fight Richman, unless either of them gave him a *lick* of the head. A gentleman of happy genius put an end to this difficulty, by advising Richman to perform that ceremony with him; and Richman was stepping round to do so, when Powers consented to waive his scruples, and fight for money.

This was the least edifying business of the whole night; Powers was found to be a mere pretender, without knowledge and without capacity, except the capacity of receiving much beating. He was consigned, unwept for, to obscurity. Forty shillings, out of the subscription, consoled him for his sad decree, and Richman sat down again to his wine, richer by 18l. for a few slight scratches.

The party did not break up till three in the morning.

Another account says:—"About eighty Gentlemen, amateurs of the fist, partook of a sumptuous dinner at Gregson's, in Holborn, on May-day, in compliment to the past services of the landlord. In the evening the dinner party made up a subscription purse of 20 guineas for a combat betwixt Dogherty and young Cribb, known professors of the fist. The company adjourned to a convenient room in the neighbourhood, and the combatants soon after arrived

rived with their seconds, the celebrated Cribb for his brother, and Richman for Dogherty, who backed himself for an extra ten guineas. It was even betting at setting-to, and such it continued the greater part of the contest, for Cribb exhibited much gluttony to the well-planted hits of his adversary. They were each off their legs, by hard blows, several times. Dogherty was much the superior of the two in science, but Cribb often rushed and rallied, and beat away skill; he, however, bled freely during the contest, and from the repeated hits he had received, his head was frightfully disfigured. The battle lasted one hour, and it was all hard fighting; nature at length became exhausted in Cribb, and Dogherty was declared the conqueror, but not without having received some very severe hits.

"A second battle was fought for another purse of 20 guineas, subscribed by the company, betwixt Richman and Powers, two known pugilists, in consequence of a challenge from Powers. The fighters were honoured in this contest with two patrician seconds, the one an honourable Baronet, for Richman, assisted by Cribb, and the other an amateur Colonel, to whom Gibbons held the bottle. This battle excited the greater interest of the two, as the combatants were to have fought a few months since; but Richman set to at a great disadvantage, he having seconded an hour, as will be seen in the former battle, but the odds were in his favour.

"Richman seemed to have the worst of the first round, but, as might have been anticipated by amateurs who are judges, and had seen both exhibit before, he had the best of the remainder of the battle. Richman excels, perhaps, any other man in hitting and getting away; and Powers, who is a resolute fighter, is continually boring in upon his adversary. This sort of *gameness* always gets a man the worst of a battle with such an adversary as Richman. It was by this system of Powers's that he was beat, in this instance, in a quarter of an hour. He was frequently hit twice in the face in a second, and he was often hit down with a favourite left-handed hit of his opponent's, who, on the other hand, received no other injury than a slight hit in the face during the battle. Powers received about two tremendous hits in the throat, which undoubtedly must have shortened his stay. The honourable seconds, with their bottle-holders, retired back to Gregson's, and toasted fighters and fighting until a late hour."

A pitched battle for a purse of one hundred guineas, subscribed by Colonel H. Hare, and three other provincial amateurs, was fought on Cogshall Common, near Rumsey, Hants, on Monday, the 14th instant, betwixt two men of the names of Pearce and Gaton, the former a workman on the estate of Colonel Hare, and the latter a chosen man of ruffian-like stature, from Gloucestershire.—Those who witnessed this combat, describe it as one of the most courageous and sanguinary possible to figure. The men were each athletic, and above six feet in height, and possessed some skill. They set to in the form of the old school of boxers, and although the battle lasted two hours, neither ever fell without being knocked

down

down like a bullock, or thrown by the iron grasp of his adversary. The features of the champions were so distorted that their faces could not be recognized, and the body hits were such as our town professors could not have endured. Gaton was the giant killer of the county of Gloucester, and was considered a terror to the neighbourhood where he lived; but Pearce had the most science, and was equal to his antagonist in strength. Gaton was at length beat by a cross-buttock. The winner was put to bed, and remained there two days.

Monday morning, the 7th inst. a battle was fought in a field, near the Shoulder of Mutton and Cat, Hackney, between Stubbs, a gentleman's coachman, and White, a journeyman baker, for two guineas a side; the contest lasted fifty minutes, which was sustained with great courage on both sides, hard fighting; at length it terminated in favour of the coachman.

On Tuesday, the 15th instant, a battle was fought in Hyde Park, between two clerks, named Yeough and Sorrel, in consequence of a dispute the preceding evening, when they staked two guineas each on the issue of the contest, which lasted, with determined obstinacy, three quarters of an hour, when Yeough, in running into his antagonist, received a blow on the forehead, which caused his death at two o'clock.

The chief sporting matches which now engage the attention of the *cognoscenti*, are the boxing matches to take place on Thursday, the 31st instant. Betting was as high as two to one, at Tattersall's, on Tuesday, the 22d inst. on Dutch Sam *v.* Medley. It has been already stated, that Medley is a stone and a half heavier than Sam, and he is a known good man; but Sam is backed as never having lost a battle. Dogherty is still the favourite against Burn; and the third match will be betwixt Dixon and Ballard, noted good ones in miniature.

WHIP CLUB.

IN our Magazine for February last, we presented our customers with a copper-plate engraving of a four-in-hand carriage and horses; some particulars were likewise then given of one or two clubs, bearing the title of *Four-in-Hand* or *Whip Clubs.* At present we have to describe the famous set-out on Thursday, the 3d of May, on which day, long before noon, Cavendish-square, and the neighbouring streets and avenues, were closely occupied by fashionables and amateurs, all anxious to witness the Spring Meeting of the Whip Club. The windows of the Nobility, &c. displayed a brilliant assemblage of beautiful females; Mr. Charles Buxton's front drawing-room, in particular, was crowded with rank and fashion, and the houses adjoining were the resort of elegant company. The ladies were dressed *a-la-mode*, but the weather was cool, and unfavourable to light summer costume. Every dashing pupil of the new school appeared anxious to be seen.—Tandems, barouches, landaus, and, in short, every tasteful vehicle in London, was driven to the scene.

About twelve o'clock, the principal whips were in motion. Sir C. Bamfylde and Sir Wedderburn Webster

Webster arrived first, and pulled up in Portland-street. The *set out* of these gentlemen excited admiration. Their horses and harness were complete, their servants in appropriate livery, and the whole made a very dashing appearance. Mr. Buxton, the leader, harnessed and put to a short time before one o'clock. When his barouche was brought out, it was admired for its light and elegant appearance. The body and wheels are bright yellow, picked out black, with box and boot to correspond. The principal novelty was the neat brass ornaments to the harness, which gave additional beauty to his four bays. Having taken the reins, dressed in a dark green frock, with metal buttons, white leathers, and boots, a horn was sounded for the Whips to prepare for the rank. Mr. Buxton then drove round from Edward-street, and pulled up before his door in Mortimer-street, after which the cavalcade formed in the following order:—

Mr. Buxton,	Sir C. Bamfylde,
Lord Hawke,	Sir W. Webster,
Captain Agar,	Mr. Wallace.

And then the whole proceeded to Salt-hill to dinner.—The vehicles were remarkable for the uniformity which prevailed in all their appendages. The harness in general was distinguished by brass instead of plated ornaments. Each barouche had two on the box, and two servants behind. About one o'clock the drivers mounted, with their friends. Mr. Buxton took up Mathews, the performer, who has thus, perhaps, had an opportunity of acquiring some additional knowledge of that sort of character he has lately so ably sustained on the boards of the Lyceum. The horn was again sounded, and the leader started in grand style, followed by the rank. Having driven round Cavendish-square, they turned down Holles-street, up Oxford-street, and down Park-lane.—Three or four stragglers, who had not fallen into the rank, drove after the above six.

MOTION OF COURT,

Against Dr. Wells, a Magistrate of the County of Somerset.

IN the Court of King's Bench, on Monday, May 28, Mr. Burrowes moved for leave to file a criminal information against a Magistrate of the county of Somerset, one Dr. Wells, for corruption in his office, in not receiving a complaint against a Mr. Hunt, for a breach of the game laws.—The affidavit stated the following facts;—that an information against Mr. Hunt had been exhibited before Dr. Wells, upon which a summons was regularly issued. The Borsholder who had the summons could not find Mr. Hunt to serve it, but on the Sunday, the day before the summons was returnable. Mr. Hunt went to the man, and asked him if he had not a summons for him; and receiving an answer in the affirmative, he desired that he might then serve it. The Borsholder properly replied, that it would not be a good service on a Sunday, and declined giving it to him. Mr. Hunt then said he was going to Bath next day, and should not be back for a fortnight, and desired that they would get a new summons, and he would attend it on his return. The next day the Borsholder attended Dr. Wells with the view of stating what Mr. Hunt said, but was surprised to find Mr. Hunt there instead of being gone to Bath.

Bath. The Magistrate asked if the witnesses were ready; being told they were not there in consequence of what Mr. Hunt had said the day before, he said he should not wait for them, that they ought to have been there, and dismissed the complaint. The affidavit also stated that Mr. Hunt had told a person that he would *trick* the fools. On these grounds a criminal information was prayed against Dr. Wells, as lending himself to Mr. Hunt's contrivance, especially as he refused to receive a new information.

The Court said the quantity of injury done was too small, and the informer might have gone before another Magistrate.—Rule refused.

DESTRUCTION OF FOXES.

A Few days since, Mr. Elphick, of Friston, and Mr. Hodson, of Birling, Sussex, having frequently missed their poultry, and entertained a suspicion of the thieves, made a forcible entry into the den of a pair of foxes in the neighbourhood, and found therein seven cubs nearly half grown; together with an immense quantity of the bones of lambs, turkeys, geese, fowls, &c. and some fragments of the wrecked beef which had been cast on shore under the Cliffs of Seaford. The cubs were all killed, and at night a watch was placed near the den, for the destruction of the old ones; but they were too subtle to approach the enemy.

In some fox-hunting counties, the destruction of these cubs, notwithstanding the depredations they occasioned, would have been deemed little short of high treason.—The hostility of conduct prevailing between sportsmen and some farmers, relative to the preservation or destruction of foxes, cannot be more strongly exemplified than by the following occurrence, which took place some years ago, in the county of Essex.—A litter of cubs was found by a farmer's man, who took them to the churchwarden of the parish in which they were discovered. The churchwarden highly approved of the man's conduct, and cheerfully paid the customary sum as directed by law, for destroying such animals. A neighbouring fox-hunting clergyman, however, soon after hearing of the circumstance, drove the poor fellow out of the county for what he had done, and that by threats either to send him for a soldier, or get him impressed for a sailor.

EXTRAORDINARY EEL.

THE middle of this month, a silver eel, of a size the most remarkable that we believe has ever been recorded in the annals of natural history, was taken by some labouring men on the muddy shores of the Medway, not far from the Lime Works above Rochester.

This most remarkable animal was six feet long, about twenty-five or thirty inches in circumference, and weighed 34lbs. when dressed the flesh was exceedingly white, and of most delicious flavour.

This animal was so extremely powerful, and made such vigorous efforts to escape from the men whilst they were attempting to secure it, that one of them was fairly beaten down by it.—The eel was purchased of the workmen by a gentleman, who sent it as a present

to

to Mr. C. Larkin of Rochester, and was accidentally cut up before its species was known, and the greater part of it was unfortunately dressed before the skin of the several portions into which it had been divided, could be recovered.—The tail alone has been preserved, and is in the possession of J. Hulkes, Esq. The Thames, the Medway, and some contiguous rivers, furnish the largest specimens of the fresh water eel of any part of Europe. Mr. Dale commemorates the taking of two of them in the Philosophical Transactions; one near Cricksea, in Essex, was five feet five inches long, measured twenty-six inches round, and weighed about 20lbs. The other was caught near Maldon, and was seven feet long, twenty-seven inches in circumference, and weighed about 30lbs.—In the year 1748, one of these large eels was also taken at Limehouse, where it was left on shore by the tide; it was five feet six inches long, and as thick as a man's thigh; its weight was 27lbs.

ROYAL HUNT.

THE famous Hendon deer was turned out before his Majesty's stag hounds, on the Thursday in Easter week, and lost, since which repeated attempts have been made by the King's huntsman and yeoman prickers, with the hounds, to find him, but without success, until the 26th instant, when he was discovered in a small wood near East Burnham, in Buckinghamshire. On being roused, he went across the country into Oxfordshire, near Sherborn Castle, then making a double back by Stoken Church, and was at length, after seven hours hard running, taken within four miles of Great Marlow. When taken there was only one gentleman sportsman with the huntsman and yeomen prickers; every other horse and rider being completely knocked up.—When taken, the deer got entangled and staked himself.

COSTIVE.

An Etching by Mr. Cooke, from a Painting by Mr. Chalon.

THE picture from which this etching is taken, is, with others by the same artist, in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy this year. The subject is esteemed one of the best of the Earl of Darlington's pack, and considered the most perfect hound in shape, and as possessing superior hunting qualities, of any ever bred.

RECEIPT FOR MAKING NORFOLK PUNCH.

TAKE one gallon of rum; one gallon of brandy; sixteen Seville oranges, sixteen lemons peeled; put the peels into the spirits for three days, stopping it close.

Take twelve quarts water, 9lbs. sugar; which clarify with four or five whites of eggs. Let these boil twenty minutes; and, when cold, mix with the whole of the spirit, and the juice of the lemons and oranges; pass the composition altogether through a jelly bag (*two* jelly bags will be best), and then bottle it off.

N. B. If a pint of milk be added to the whites of eggs, it will make the punch clearer.

FEAST

Painted by H.B. Chalon. Etched by H.R. Cook.

Costive.

London, Published May 31st 1810, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

FEAST OF WIT.

A Person speaking in praise of the *presence of mind* of Sir A. Wellesley at the battle of Vimeira, in the hearing of a Quaker, the latter said, he knew that which was much better upon such an occasion; being questioned as to what he meant, he replied, "*Absence of body!*"

An old coachman and a young one, standing together at the front of the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, the latter, on observing a gentleman driving by, with four in hand, praised his coachmanship. This remark putting the old man on his mettle, he pettishly said, there was no cleverness in driving four such well-trained horses as them; "let him," continued he, "turn out of Willan's yard at the Bull and Mouth, with *three blind ones and a bolter*, and then see what sort of a coachman he'll make."

The driver of a stage coach, who had dressed to appear like one of the Four-in-hand Clubs, ran violently against a gentleman in Piccadilly, a few nights since, exclaiming, "I'm *bang up*." The passenger, who happened to be tall and muscular, immediately resented the insult by a blow, which drove John into the kennel. He walked on, and said very coolly, "Now you are *bang down*."

ADVERTISEMENT,

Taken from a daily Paper, of May 28.

LOST, some time ago, near (in Surrey) a place,
Renown'd for Reviews, and sometimes a Race,
A Heart quite sincere, nor a foe to gay mirth,
And as sound as it was at the day of its birth.
At the time it was missing a Damsel was seen,
Enchanting in person and lovely in mien.
Tho' it is but a trifle, yet again to receive,
Twenty kisses the owner would willingly give,
To restore it, 'tis hop'd that none will refuse,
Since to none but the owner it can be of use.

May, 1810. VERAX.

A Parson Patten, of Whitstable, was well known in his own neighbourhood, as a man of great oddity, great humour, and equally great extravagance. Once standing in need of a new wig, his old one defying all further assistance of art, he went over to Canterbury, and applied to a barber, young in the business, to make him one. The tradesman, who was just going to dinner, begged the honour of his new customer's company at his meal, to which Patten most readily consented. After dinner a large bowl of punch was produced, and the reverend guest with equal readiness joined in its demolition. When it was out, the barber was proceeding to business, and began to handle his measure, when Mr. Patten desired him to desist, saying he should not make him his wig. "Why not," exclaimed the astonished host, "have I done any thing to offend you, Sir?" "Not in the least," replied the guest. "I find you are a good-natured fellow; so I will take somebody else in. Had you made it, you would never have been paid for it."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

IN the House of Commons, the 24th of this month, Lord Porchester obtained leave to bring in a Bill, for the better preservation of black game in England.

On Wednesday, the 16th, T. Nankivell, of Langtree, was fined, at a meeting of the commissioners of the assessed taxes, at Buckland Brewer, Devon, in the mitigated penalty of ten pounds, for using dogs, &c. for the purpose of taking and killing game, without having obtained a certificate.—Also, John Lee and J. Pengelly, of Bideford, labourers, were fined ten pounds each, for using dogs and guns for the purpose of taking and killing rabbits without a certificate.

On Wednesday, the 9th instant, an otter was turned out in Cheveney Pond, Marden, Kent, belonging to Mr. William Walter, and hunted by the hounds of that gentleman: but a want of lurking holes in the embankment, like those usually to be found in a river, did not afford the animal any chance of making a formidable defence against the furious attacks of the dogs. It was killed in about a quarter of an hour, in presence of a great assemblage of spectators, collected on the occasion from the surrounding neighbourhood.

Pigeon Shooting.—The first meeting of the Old Hats Club, took place on Thursday, the 17th, at which Lord Pollington particularly distinguished himself, killing eleven out of twelve, in his own style of inimitable quickness of execution.

The grand pigeon match between Berks and Norfolk, at twenty-one birds, was won by the former. Mr. Aldridge killed nineteen birds, and his adversary eighteen.

The race between the Wrexham tailor, and the brick-setter from Gresford, was won by the former with ease. There was seldom seen such a number of spectators: the bells were rung, and every demonstration of joy was exhibited in consequence of the tailor winning his match.

A person of the name of Thistlewaite, in Hampshire, who undertook to go 1000 miles in 1000 successive hours, gave up, after going a fortnight.

The long-depending match between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Critchley, has been decided. Mr. C. betted 100 guineas, that he had a bay filly, by Cheshire Cheese, rissing four years old, that could walk three miles, trot three miles, and gallop three miles, within the hour, on the high road leading from Warrington to Liverpool. The filly beat the time by one minute and thirty-three seconds. High odds against her during the walking, but when broke to the trot she went like lightning. She was sold for 270 guineas a few minutes after the match was run, and sent to London.

During

During the present month, a person of the name of Kestevens, undertook for a wager of twenty guineas, to walk from Nottingham to London, a distance of 125 miles, in fifty hours. He started at eleven o'clock on Friday, and arrived at the Bull and Mouth Inn, London, a few minutes after twelve on Sunday, being nearly an hour before the time.

Bushey Park was crowded with company on Saturday, the 16th, to witness a walking match which a young man of family had undertaken; he was to walk 70 miles in 24 hours, which he did without difficulty in less than 20 hours. We never saw that beautiful Park so full of company: he walked on one mile from the Porter's Lodge. The Duke of Clarence and family, Lords Waldegrave and Glenbervie, and Lord Robert Seymour, were on the ground. The bet was for a considerable sum of money.

The 9th and 10th instant, the gamekeepers of Lord Glastonbury and Wm. Dickenson, Esq. with two dogs only, killed seven foxes; and within the space of two weeks preceding, the same persons and dogs had destroyed six others of those destructive animals in the parishes of Butleigh and Kingweston (Somersetshire) alone; making in the whole thirteen, in so many days.

Chester races were uncommonly well attended, but had less sport than was expected from such a numerous entry; all the races being, in the language of the turf, "*a dead thing.*" As usual, a few pocket-books were *lost* or *stolen*, and rewards offered for *finding* them; but we have only heard of one being found, with the cash notes taken out, in which the thieves left a promissory note for 500l.

On Tuesday in the Newmarket Craven Meeting, the following, late the property of the Duke of Rutland, were sold by auction; viz.—*Ned*, rising five, by Teddy the Grinder, dam by Precipitate, out of Everlasting, by Eclipse, for 110gs.—*The Painter*, rising three, Brother to Salvator, by Trumpator, out of Hoppicker, by Dungannon, for 90gs.—*Snowdrift*, rising seven, by Grouse, out of Venom, by Woodpecker, for 60gs.

John Ruddock, who rode Mr. Kirby's Royal Prince, and won the two 50l. plates at Malton meeting, also rode Mr. Bell's Rover, by Hyacinthus, last year, at Malton, which won the two similar 50l. plates. Royal Prince (late Vaccinatus) was bought by Mr. Kirby, of J. L. Kaye, Esq. of Grange-Hall, near Wakefield, Yorkshire, who bred him: his dam, Phenomena, by Phenomenon, out of Peg Woffington, by Garrick.

Lord Darlington did not back Rubens for the Craven Stakes, on Monday in the last Newmarket Craven Meeting.

Lord Oxford won above 7000 guineas, by Poulton and Victoria winning the first and second classes of the Oatlands Stakes at the last Newmarket Craven Meeting. They were both rode by Mr. Thomas Carr.

It will be seen in our account of Newmarket Craven Meeting, that Mr. William Clift was the most successful rider; and Mr. F.

Buckle in the Newmarket First Spring Meeting.

Mr. Samuel Chifney got lamed by his hack, on Monday morning in the Craven Meeting, which prevented his riding; but he rode several winners in the First Spring Meeting, for which we refer our readers to our Racing Calendar.—Mr. William Arnold was prevented from riding at the above Meetings.

In the Newmarket Craven Meeting, Colonel Childers purchased that well-known, good runner, Sir David, which beat Vandyke on Monday in the Newmarket First Spring Meeting.

Major Wheatley has purchased Sir Marrinell, by Sir Peter, of Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, for 1000 guineas.

Sir Mark Masterman Sykes has purchased the stallion *Camillus*, of Mr. Garforth, for 500gs. who has given the favourite brood mare, Rosalind, (dam of Hyacinthus) by Phenomenon, to Sir Mark Masterman Sykes.

Mr. Harrison, of Whashton, near Richmond, has purchased Mr. Collins's bay filly, by Remembrancer, out of Appolonia, (own Sister to Mr. Robinson's Fanny), by Weasel, for 150gs.

Mr. Tatton Sykes's ches. colt, by Shuttle, dam by Gabriel, is sold to Mr. Ladbroke for 400gs.—He has started only once, when he won a Stakes at Beverley last year.

The Meeting at Catterick in Easter week, was very genteely attended; there were 42 dined at the ordinary at the Bridge.—The Course was in very good order.

Lord G. H. Cavendish has bought Lord Grosvenor's Eccleston for 1000gs. and 200 more if he wins the Derby.

The Duke of Hamilton has sold Lancaster to T. Whitmore, Esq. for 700gs.

Severn Salmon.—The amazing disproportion in the present price of this luxurious article of life to that of twenty or thirty years ago, when it sold from 3d. to 6d. per lb. is attributed, in a great degree, to the several weirs (contrary to act of Parliament) upon the river, constructed so as to prevent the smallest salmon fry from escaping, as they proceed towards the sea. It is a known fact, that in some instances fry have been taken in such quantities, that the defaulters have been obliged to throw them away. Another mode of incalculable destruction, arises from the practice of netting the fords when the water is low, by which means, the salmon spawn, deposited upon the sand and gravel, being loosened by the net, and swept away, becomes food for fish of an inferior quality, such as chub, roach, dace, bleak, flounder, &c. A subscription is going forward to protect the river, and defray the expences arising from the informations it may become necessary to lodge against offenders of the Act of Parliament, which we hope will have a salutary effect.

On the 30th ult. was found, cast on the beach at Mundesley, in Norfolk, a very rare and curious fish, called the *Opah*, or *King Fish*

Fish—considered as one of the most beautiful fish found on the coast of Europe. It is of that genus which Linnæus distinguishes by the name of of Chætodon, and is said to be very common on the coast of Guinea. The shape of this fish very much resembles that of a bream; length about 2½ feet, breadth nearly 1½ do. thickness 4 inches. The general colour (green with a golden hue) was not vivid as it probably had been, on account of its having been exposed on the beach to the sun; its sides were studded with silvery spots of different sizes; the fins retained their colour, the finest vermillion, and the eyes had a particular striking appearance, the *irides* being scarlet and gold.—It is impossible to give a more accurate description of this fish, than may be found in Pennant's British Zoology, to which the curious may refer.—Pennant says " that there have been only five instances of this fish being taken in our seas; four of them in the North (viz. twice in Scotland, once off Northumberland, and one in Filey bay, Yorkshire), and a fifth was caught at Brixham in Torbay, in 1792."

A WHALE, of about forty feet long, came into Kinsale lately; it went up nearly two miles of the Bandon river, and was pursued by the fishermen, who struck it several times with their harpoons, but to no effect, as it succeeded in getting out of the harbour.

Singular Escape.—On the morning of the 2d inst. as the Manchester mail-coach was coming over Newport bridge, the coachman was knocked off the box by a man who was intoxicated falling against him from the roof. The coachman hung by the iron for some time, but finding he could not recover his seat he called to the guard, who in his endeavours to reach the box to seize the reins also fell to the ground, when the horses set off at full speed. There were three inside passengers, on their road from London to Manchester, who were not aware of their perilous situation till they had passed Lathbury turnpike-gate, which was open, and proceeded a considerable distance, when one of the passengers perceiving that there was neither coachman nor guard on the coach, with some difficulty awakened the other two gentlemen, and apprized them of their danger. On reaching Gayhurst hill, the horses rather slackened their pace, and one of the passengers, at the imminent risk of his life, jumped out of the coach, and endeavoured to lay hold of the reins, but not being able to effect his purpose, the horses again set off at speed, and on their way passed a loaded waggon. Having gone upwards of a mile further, another passenger leaped from the coach, and in a short time very fortunately succeeded in stopping the horses, without any material injury being sustained by either of the passengers, or the coachman or guard, who were taken up by the Chester mail, which came by soon after the accident happened.

As a little boy, aged six years, the son of Mr. Tuck, of Strumpshaw, was lately riding on the lawn before his father's house, he fell from his poney, his foot hanging in the stirrup. The poney was so frightened that he ran away, and although two men were at work on the lawn, and several others witnessing the accident immediately endeavoured to surround and stop him,

him, all their exertions were fruitless, and the unfortunate sufferer was dragged for such a considerable length of time, and so dreadfully bruised, that he expired before he could be released from his unhappy situation.—The child was riding only a foot pace, and being on the lawn with two servants attending him, his parents naturally supposed he could not be in a place of greater safety, and the melancholy event has rendered his death the more distressing.

At a meeting of the inhabitants of an extensive parish in a neighbouring county, the Churchwardens received an order not only to give rewards for the destruction of sparrows, but to extend these rewards to all species of small birds. How ignorant are the generality of mankind of their own good! This order includes no fewer than forty different kinds of birds, which do not eat a single grain of corn, but which, in the course of the spring and summer, devour millions of insects, that would otherwise prove infinitely more injurious to the farmer than all the sparrows which haunt his fields, were they ten times more numerous than they are. And even with respect to sparrows, which are certainly in some measure injurious to the crops, were the farmer seriously to reflect, that the Almighty has not formed any race of beings whatever without giving to them an important destination, he would not, probably, be so anxious for their destruction. It has been satisfactorily ascertained, that a single pair of common sparrows, while their young ones are in the nest, destroy on an average above three thousand caterpillars every week! At this rate, if all the species of small birds were to be extirpated, what then would become of the crops?

Lately died, at Spofforth, near Knaresborough, aged 94, John Metcalf, commonly called Blind Jack. He was born at Knaresborough in the year 1717, lost his sight when only four years old, soon after which he was instructed to play on the violin, and afterwards attended as a musician at the Queen's Head, High Harrogate, for many years, and was the first person who set up a wheel carriage, for the conveyance of company to and from the places of public resort in the neighbourhood. In the year 1745, he engaged to serve as musician in Colonel Thornton's volunteers, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Falkirk. Being soon released, he returned to Knaresborough, and commenced common carrier between that town and York, and often served as a guide in intricate roads, over the forest, during the night, or when the tracks were covered with snow: nor was any person more eager in the chase, which he would follow either on foot or on horseback, with the greatest avidity. Strange as it may appear to those who can see, the employment he followed for more than forty years was still more extraordinary, and one of the last to which we could suppose a blind man would ever turn his attention—that of projecting and contracting for the making of high roads, building bridges, houses, &c.! — With no other assistance than a long staff in his hand, he would ascend the precipice, and explore the valley, and investigate the extent of each, its form and situation. The plans which he made,

made, were done by a method peculiar to himself, and which he could not well convey the meaning of to others.—His descendants are, four children, twenty grand children, and ninety great, and great great grand children.

Court of Common Pleas, May 10.

Landfried *v.* Saunders.

This action was brought by Mr. Landfried, a respectable tradesman in Craven-buildings, Drury-lane, against young Saunders the equestrian, to recover 13l. and upwards, for lodging.

Mr. Serjeant Best, who stated the case, said he did not think that Master Saunders would ride off on this occasion with the applause he had been accustomed to receive at the Theatre.—The action is brought for lodging, (said the learned Serjeant) and he says he is not bound to pay, because he was an infant; but although he was an infant, he is answerable for necessaries. It will not be a question whether a person ought to be paid who supplies an infant with a bed. He is a young man of merit as a rider, and when he hired the apartments of the plaintiff, he contracted with a very respectable man, Mr. Astley, to perform at his theatre. He was to have fourteen pounds a week, and if he can earn that sum, he ought to have a decent bed to lie on. There can be no question whether the rooms which he hired were fit for him. He was not by himself, but had a *chere amie*. This was a lady who appeared to be his wife, and when she was found not to be so, we got rid of her. Mr. Abraham Saunders, senior, sent his carriage, and took the lady out as his son's wife; therefore, if you find the father sanction this conduct of his son, you will find your verdict for the plaintiff, who is a respectable tradesman.

Several witnesses proved the plaintiff's case; but it appeared, on their cross-examination, that young Saunders was under the protection of a Mr. Young, his guardian, and that lodgings had been provided for him at the Red Lion, in Tottenham court road, when he hired the premises of the plaintiff. It also appeared that the plaintiff had been warned not to receive the defendant, by his guardian, who refused to be answerable for the lodging.

Mr. Serjeant Vaughan admitted that the defendant had occupied the premises; but the defendant was not nineteen, said Mr. Serjeant Vaughan, at the time he took these apartments. My learned friend has made some allusions on the moral character of the father; but I will shew you that the father had provided suitable lodgings for the young man, to prevent his falling into bad company. When the defendant was asked what he wanted the apartments for? he said—" to keep my Molly in." Under all the circumstances, he contended that the Jury ought not to sanction, by their verdict, the plaintiff's conduct.

Sir James Mansfield left it to the Jury to say whether the lodging was necessary, and to find their verdict on that ground. The Jury found a verdict for the defendant.

The following articles appeared in a Morning Paper early this month:—

" Mr. Orby Hunter has lately lost a valuable mare in the following

ing extraordinary manner:—He ordered his servant to take his horses, and wait for him at the corner of St. James's-street, intending himself to walk through the Park from Pimlico. He did not find his servant, as he expected, and, after some delay, he returned home, where his servant had also returned, who related, that a gentleman accosted him in St. James's-street, and obtained one of the horses from him, with which he rode away. Mr. Hunter has not since heard of his horse or the gentleman."

"Mr. Orby Hunter has at length recovered his favourite mare; it seems that she was rode away, under a whimsical equivoque, by a gentleman, who, seeing Mr. Hunter's servant rather reluctant to let him mount her till his master came, at last consented, on being told that she was to be rode on trial by order of his master. The gentleman on this rode a few miles into the country, and liking the mare amazingly, wrote a letter, inclosing a draft for the sum asked by the dealer, and kept her in the country. This astonished the latter, as on enquiry he found that, by mistake, his mare had not been out of the stable. During this general mistake, Mr. Orby Hunter imagining, from his servant's account, that some person had defrauded him of his mare, put out hand-bills, offering a reward for apprehending the offender, with *all the marks and colours of the rider*. These being seen by the gentleman who was the innocent cause of all this *embarras*, the mystery was soon unravelled by the restoration of the mare, after affording a good three days *hoax* against Mr. Orby Hunter throughout the whole Equestrian Order.

Mode of Hunting the Hyæna in Barbary.

The mode of hunting this animal is singular. A party of ten or twelve persons, accompanied with as many dogs of various kinds, go to the cavern which they have previously ascertained to be the haunt of the hyæna: one of the party then strips himself naked, and taking the end of a rope with a noose to it in one hand, he advances gradually into the cave, speaking gently, and in an insinuating tone of voice, pretending to fascinate the hyæna by words; when he reaches the animal, he strokes him down the back, which appears to soothe him; he then dexterously slips the noose round his neck, and instantly pulling the rope, to indicate to those on the outside of the cave, who hold the other end, that it is fixed, he retires behind, throwing a handkerchief or cloth over the eyes of the hyæna; the men then pull the rope from without, whilst he who fixes the noose urges the animal forward, when the dogs attack him. Some of the Shel'ubs (natives of the South Atlas) are very expert at securing the hyæna in this manner, and although there may be some danger in case the rope breaks, yet the man who enters the cave always carries a dagger, or large knife with him, with which he has considerably the advantage, for this animal is by no means so ferocious as he appears to be; in the Southern Atlas I have seen them led about by the boys; a rope being fastened round the animal's neck, and a communicating rope attached to it on either side, three or four yards long, the end of each being held by a boy, keep him perfectly secure. It is confinement that is inimical to a hyæna, and which increases his ferocity.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE SPORTSMAN.

OFT, when I've seen the new-fledg'd morn arise,
And spread its pinions to the polar skies,
Th' expanded air with gelid fragrance fan,
Brace the slack nerves, and animate the man,
Swift from the College, and from cares I flew,
(For studious cares solicit something new)
From tinkling bells that make the truant's fears,
And letter'd trophies of three thousand years;
Thro' length'ning streets with sanguine hopes I glide,
The fatal tube depending at my side;
No busy vender dins with clam'rous call,
No rattling carriage drives me to the wall;
The close-compacted shops, their commerce laid,
In silence frown like mansions of the dead:—
Save where the sooty shrowded wretch cries "sweep,"
Or drowsy watchman stalks in broken sleep,
'Scap'd from the hot-brain'd youth of midnight fame,
Whose mirth is mischief, and whose glory shame:—
Save, that from yonder stew the batter'd beau,
With tott'ring steps, comes reeling to and fro.
Mark, how the live-long revels of the night
Stare in his face, and stupify his sight!
Mark the loose frame, yet impotently bold!
'Twixt man and beast divided empire hold.
Amphibious wretch! the prey of passion's tide,
The wreck of riot, and the mock of pride.
But we, my friend, with aims far diff'rent borne,
Seek the fair fields, and court the blushing morn;
With sturdy sinews, brush the frozen snow,
While crimson colours on our faces glow;
Since life is short, prolong it while we can,
And vindicate the ways of health to man!

Onward our course, diversified, we bend,
And right and left with anxious care attend.
The poring spaniel, studious as he goes,
Scents ev'ry leaf that on the margin grows:
Sudden he stops!—he eyes the plashy spring!
The frighted snipe darts upward on the wing;
With shrill-ton'd pipe implores the passive air
In vain! for death e'en persecutes him there.
Another springs! but, happier in his flight,
'Scapes the loud gun, and vanishes from sight.

The sport begun,
Heav'n! what delights my active mind renew,
When out-spread nature opens to my view
The carpet-cover'd earth of spangled white,
The vaulted sky, just ting'd with purple light;
The busy blackbird hops from spray to spray,

The gull, self-balanc'd, floats his liquid way;
The morning breeze in milder air retires,
And rising rapture all my bosom fires.

While fervid flights my lifted fancy takes,
The wary woodcock rustles thro' the brakes,
With hasty pinions wings his rapid course,
'Till death pursues him, arm'd with double force.
Each gun discharg'd, and conscious of its aim,
Asserts the prize, and holds the dubious claim;
Till chance decides the long-contested spoil,
Proclaims the victor, and rewards his toil.
His luckless fate, immediate to repair,
The baffled sportsman beats with forward care;
Each bush explores, that plats the hedge with pride,
Brooks at his feet, and brambles at its side—
Another bird, just flushing at the sound,
Scarce tops the fence, then tumbles to the ground.

Ah! what avails him now the varnish'd die,
The tortoise-colour'd back, the brilliant eye,
The pointed bill, that steer'd his vent'rous way
From northern climes, and dar'd the boist'rous sea;
To milder shores in vain these pinions sped,
Their beauty blasted, and their vigour fled.

Thus the poor peasant, struggling with distress,
Whom rig'rous laws and rigid hunger press,
In western regions seeks a milder state,
Braves the broad ocean, and resigns to fate;
Scarce well arriv'd, and lab'ring to procure
Life's free subsistence, and retreats secure,
Sudden, he sees the roving Indian nigh,
Fate in his hand, and ruin in his eye.
Scar'd at the sight, he runs, he bounds, he flies,
Till arrow-pierc'd, he falls—he faints—he dies!
Unhappy man, who no extreme could shun,
By tyrants banish'd, and by chance undone;
In vain fair virtue fann'd the free-born flame,
Now fall'n alike to fortune and to fame.
These to prevent, be still the statesman's end,
And this the task of sovereigns to attend.
Be mine the care to range this ample field,
Try what its springs, and what its thickets yield;
Pursue the game that to the skies aspire,
And purge the æther with successive fire;
Spring o'er the fence that bars my active mind,
And rouse my friend, that ling'ring stays behind;
Guard the steep bank, to catch with eager pains
The forward bound, that scarce the margin gains;
Or loudly laugh, when, diligently nice,
He backward slides, and bumps the crackling ice.

And thou, dear spaniel, friend in other form,
Obsequious come, thy duty to perform,
Whose fond affection ever glows the same,
Lives in each look, and vibrates thro' thy frame;
And thou, dear pointer! never devious stray,
But search the plains inquisitively gay,
With length'ned side, and sapient nose inhale
The floating vapour of the scented gale.
Oft have I seen thee, when the balanc'd year,
By Libra weigh'd, rewarded Ceres' care,
Thro' new-shorn fields, with active vigour bound,
Snuff the fresh air, and traverse all the ground;
Or cautious tread, and step by step survey,
With keenest attitude, the tim'rous prey;
Then, statue-like, with lifted foot proclaim
The partridge near, and certify the game.
Where'er I range, whatever sports pursue,
Be still attendant, and be still in view.
The day advanc'd, and waning to the west,
Demands a thought for respite and for rest;
Back to the city calls a sudden eye,
Where vary'd beauties all in prospect lie;
The pointed steeples menacing the skies,
The splendid domes that emulously rise.

These

These to behold, may please the vacant mind—
More pleasing far the cottage of the hind
That yonder smokes, by russet, hawthorn, hedg'd,
By hay-yard back'd, and sidelong cow-house edg'd.
Oft have I there my thirst and toil allay'd,
Approach'd as now, and dar'd the dog that bay'd.
The smiling matron joys to see her guests,
Sweeps the broad hearth, and hears our free request;
Repels her little brood that throng too nigh;
The homely board prepares, the napkin dry,
The new-made butter, and the rasher rare,
The new-laid egg, that's dress'd with nicest care;
The milky store, for cream collected first,
Crowns the clean noggin, and allays our thirst;
While crackling faggots, bright'ning as they burn,
Shew the neat cupboard and the cleanly churn,
The plaintive hen, the interloping goose,
The lambkin dear, that frisks about the house.
The modest maiden rises from her wheel,
Who, unperceiv'd, a silent look would steal;
Call'd she attends, assists with artless grace,
The bloom of nature flushing on her face,
That scorns the die which pallid pride can lend,
And all the arts which luxury attend.

With fuel laden from the brambly rock,
Lo! forward comes the father of his flock,
Of honest front—salutes with rustic gait,
Remarks our fare, and boasts his former state,
When many a cow, nor long the time remov'd,
And many a calf, his spacious pasture rov'd,
Till rising rents reduc'd them now to three,
Abridg'd his farm, and fix'd him as we see;
Yet thanks his God, what fails him in his wealth
He seeks from labour, and he gains from health;
Then talks of sport, how many wild ducks seen,
What flocks of widgeons, too, had fledg'd the green.
While thus amus'd, and gladden'd with our lot,
The hasty ev'ning calls us from the cot;
A small gratuity dilates their heart,
And many a blessing follows as we part.
Nor you, ye proud! disdain their state to hear,
The state of nature crowns their frugal chear,
Transmitted pure from patriarchal times,
By art unfashion'd to corruption's climes;
To you unknown their labours and their race,
Alike unknown their innocence and peace;
Secure from danger, as remov'd from fame,
Their lives' calm current flows without a name.

Now had the twilight, veil'd in gloomy gray,
Mourn'd the departure of retiring day;
A darker hue the face of nature wears,
And scarce distinct the distant town appears.
Back to our mind, in swift succession, throng
(To cheat the time, and steal the road along)
The various sports of all the summer past,
When limping long-vacation came at last:
Imagination fondly sports to tell
How many grouse, how many partridge fell.

The rising moon, with delegated sway,
Supplies the radiance of the distant day,
Reveals the various objects that we meet,
And all the busy tumults of the street.
With headlong pace the vagrant hawker scours,
And bloody news from lungs horrific pours.
The dull, discordant ballad-notes annoy,
That mock the crowd with love's fantastic joy;
The cumbrous coach, with blazon'd pomp that shews
Where pamper'd pride and indolence repose;
While close behind the shiv'ring female strays,

Parted from virtue, innocence, and ease:
She once the darling of her mother's arms,
Her father's pride, and blest with blooming charms;
Thro' all the village known for spotless fame,
Fair was her beauty, fairer still her name,
Till the sly tempter urg'd insidious suit,
And lur'd her weakness to forbidden fruit.
There perish'd grace, her guardian honour fled,
And sad remembrance mourns each blessing dead!
Expell'd the paradise of native sway,
She wanders now, to ev'ry vice a prey—
A prey to yonder terror of the night,
(Avert, ye Gods! such monsters from my sight)
The bully dire, whose front the furies swell,
And scars dishonest mark the son of hell.
In vain she shrinks to shun his luckless pace,
Aw'd by the terrors of his vengeful face!

Heav'n! how unlike the pure, the tranquil scene,
Where rural mirth and rural manners reign;
Where simple cheer disclaims the cares of wealth,
And fresh'ning gales diffuse the glow of health.

G. T.

BANG UP TO THE MARK.

By a Modern Phaeton.

COME, ye blades of the turf, and ye blades of the fist,
And ye Four-in-Hand heroes, attentively list;
For the way to grow rich I will shew to each spark,
And that, you'll allow, is *bang up to the mark!*

At the Newmarket races to figure away,
You perhaps may want cash your expenses to pay;
Then if to my story you carefully hark,
You may clear ev'ry scrape, Sirs, *bang up to the mark!*

Ye knights of the knuckle, ye pugilists bold,
I presume ye are not overburthen'd with gold;
But, no longer to keep you, my friends, in the dark,
How to get it I'll shew you, *bang up to the mark!*

And ye lads of the Whip-Club, who zealously strive
To excel ev'ry Jehu in learning to drive,
If cash should run short, or be founder'd your bark,
'Twill refit you again, Sirs, *bang up to the mark!*

Now, the way to acquire this wealth is to try,
And a prize to procure in the Grand Lottery;
But of BISH you must buy it, since he is the spark
For selling grand prizes, *baug up to the mark!*

At 9, Charing-Cross, or Cornhill, No. 4,
He lives, and his name you may read on the door;
And there you may purchase of him or his clerk
A capital prize, Sir, *bang up to the mark!*

For the very last Lott'ry, the truth I declare,
Twelve capital prizes did lucky BISH share;
And the Lott'ry before, Sir, this fortunate spark
Sold a dozen or more, *bang up to the mark!*

But to prove what I tell you, my friends, is no joke,
And the bargain you'll buy isn't a pig in a poke,
You must know, if with fortune you mean to embark,
There are forty grand prizes, *bang up to mark!*

These forty grand prizes may all be obtain'd
By a Sixteenth alone, Sir, since so 'tis ordain'd;
That's "*prime*," you'll allow, and, no more in the dark,
You the whole have explain'd, Sir, *bang up to the mark!*

Derry down, &c.

SONG,

SONG,

Written after a Day's Hunting with a celebrated Pack of Harriers near Windsor, March, 1810.

THE hounds that deck my simple verse,
And warm my muse to sing, Sir,
Whose merits and whose influence
I trust on fancy's wing, Sir;
And such a hunt, in modest guise,
No song has given birth, Sir,
Since gods and goddesses are said
To play their pranks on earth, Sir.

For music's dear enliv'ning charm,
We give the palm Apollo;
But he ne'er set a sweeter note
Than is the huntsman's halloo;
Whose thrilling cry each bosom warm'd,
E'en gods admir'd the strains, Sir,
And thought Diana's hunt was there,
A scouring Heaven's plains, Sir.

Sol's harbinger 'gins to appear,
To say his master's coming,
And that he meant to shew his face
To see us when we're running;
But quick behind his dapple clouds
Pursues his beaten way, Sir,
For fear his studs our music hear,
Then spoil the coming day, Sir.

Old Bacchus, that fam'd jolly boy,
Who clips dull folly's wing, Sir,
Whose merry rout of revelry
Had made the welkin ring, Sir;
When tho' dead drunk, he stopp'd his crew,
To roar the jovial song, Sir,
That echo'd from the mingled cry
That cheer'd the pack along, Sir.

That wicked urchin, God of Love,
Who sets our hearts a fretting,
Now laid his bow and arrows by,
His little tricks forgetting;
Then from the train of Venus sculks,
And breaks his silken bounds, Sir,
And points his way through air to earth,
To join the merry hounds, Sir.

And Venus now, to seek her boy,
Had left her proper sphere, Sir,
When quick the shout of men and hounds
Cross'd on her list'ning ear, Sir;
Forgot her errand in the cry,
And join'd the madden'd race, Sir;
And Love and Beauty then had we,
To deck the manly chase, Sir.

Now Mars his sword and buckler hid,
And took from off his car, Sir,
The nimblest of his fiery steeds,
That rul'd the raging war, Sir;
Till Venus in the rear he spied,
Then check'd his beating force, Sir,
And left his place with hound and hunt,
To guide his palfrey's course, Sir.

And Mercury, that arrant thief,
Had stol'n the muses' steed, Sir,
And thought with wit, and wings to boot,
He'd keep a dashing lead, Sir;
But soon he found that here on earth
He rode a losing game, Sir,
For wit could do no more for him,
When Pegasus fell lame, Sir.

And Dian, that meek pale-fac'd maid,
Did feel her bosom glow, Sir,
To see such joys attend the chase,
To mortals here below, Sir:
And Pan, too, shook his shaggy locks,
Came panting on behind, Sir,
And by his godhead swore the hounds
Outstript the hollow wind, Sir.

Old Vulcan now came limping down,
For he had heard the cry, Sir,
That heighten'd up the jovial band,
And rattled through the sky, Sir:
And Jove, too, felt his bosom warm,
His manhood own'd the bliss, Sir,
And Juno shar'd th' invigour'd joy
That seal'd the heated kiss, Sir.

Apollo in the train comes on,
With Wisdom's lovely queen, Sir,
And Ceres, Fauns, and Satyrs wild,
Did grace the merry scene, Sir:
And more, I ween, from out the sky,
Would gladly join'd the chase, Sir,
But steeds could not be got above,
For money nor for grace, Sir.

How may I sing the mingled set
Did dash through brake and fen, Sir!
And that I fear such sporting wights
We may not see again, Sir;
And merry Momus met the band
As home they bent their way, Sir,
To mock the jaded Hercules
That led the happy day, Sir.

Now gods, as well as coarser clay,
Did chaunt the happy song, Sir,
In praise of horse, of man, and hound,
That form'd the dashing throng, Sir;
When met at eve, the revelry
Did ring through Heaven's bounds, Sir,
And bowls of nectar plied the gods
To drink to men and hounds, Sir.

CHORUS.

God bless their Lord, may he *ne'er tire*,
And ever *foremost* be, Sir:
When next they boast such goodly train,
May I be there to see, Sir.

THE

THE DUELLIST.

WE blame the Assassin, and call his acts
Base murder, shudd'ring at the horrid facts;
Yet we have ways to make a brother bleed,
And call it *fair and honourable deed!*
And art thou, Honour! ever to be found
Within a friend's or foe's expiring wound?
'Tis vile imposture! *Cowardice* and *Shame*
Assume thy shape, and murder in thy name.

Some breach of manners, some unthought offence,
Which might provoke a smile from common sense,
Will work these waspish gentry to such rage,
As blood or death alone can e'er assuage!

O! ye who value life, who feel an awe
For him who stamp'd on nature its first law
Of self-regard—then bade our love embrace
Our kindred—neighbour—all the human race!
Ye who would cherish peace, or bear within
A tranquil mind, and sleep in a sound skin;
Who would not, ere they fade, life's prospects mar,
Or rush unbidden to Jehovah's bar;
Who would not thither send another's ghost,
To curse you for a life untimely lost!
Beware the man! Oh! never call him friend,
Who bears his honour on his rapier's end.
Such furies should like madmen be confin'd,
Or snappish curs, chain'd up from all mankind;
Or Europe might these testy spirits haste,
To challenge tigers on some desert waste;
There might their prowess do the world some good
By slaught'ring their own likeness—beasts of blood.

He is no proper man to wear a sword
Who rages like a demon, at a word;
He is no gentleman who cannot bear
A wise rebuke, but he must war declare;
He no philosopher who cannot cool
His passion, when insulted by a fool;
He is no wise man, who would throw away
A life in some ridiculous affray;
He is no Christian who cannot forgive
A fellow worm, nor let th' offender live;
He no good subject, who would madly break
The laws of God and man, for vengeance sake!
He no good husband—brother—parent—friend,
Who rashly all relationship would end;
Who life's endearing ties would all divide
To please his anger, or support his pride.
He is no hero who cannot sustain
The world's contempt, and scorn that world again:
Frail is that honour, little worth our care,
That withers at the touch of blighting air;
Weak is that man, oppress'd with basest fear,
Who kills—or dies, lest Custom's slaves shou'd sneer.

EPITAPH ON AN OLD HOUND.

FAREWELL, old friend! thou one of nature's best,
Thou truest emblem of an honest heart;
With honours weigh'd to thy eternal rest,
Unblemish'd ever by a trick of art.

Nature alone thy worth has right to claim,
From youth to age she always bore the sway,
No word of anger ever blurr'd thy fame,
For intuition pointed thee the way.

Thy challenge heard within the cover wide,
Hark! Hark! to Tracer, sung through ev'ry glade:
Then did thy fellows back thy honest pride,
And from each hill and wood the rattling echo play'd.

How oft, when storms or chilling winter's frost,
Thy single tongue has led us faithful on,
Till its weak note, amidst the clamour lost,
And heart-cheering cries, applauded what you'd done.

Death

Death winded thee, my good old friend, at last,
But rest in peace, he cant' thy honours doff:
Fame will *recover*, make anew thy *cast*,
You still shall live—he's only *call'd you off*.

B. D.

IMPROMPTU.

"'TOTHER day I went shooting," said Thomas to Jack,
"And the sport turn'd out terribly barren;
Disappointed, I came, as the nearest way back,
Across Farmer Barleymow's warren.

And I there saw five rabbits, at which I let fly,
And kill'd three; now, friend Jack, pry'thee tell,
How many remain'd?"—Quickly Jack makes reply,
"Why two, to be sure, if three fell."

"No Jack, thou art wrong, for the two ran away,
Nor once of their treatment complain'd,
They crept into their burrows, and left me to say,
'*Twas the three that I shot which remain'd.*'

J. M. L.

EPITAPH ON A GAMEKEEPER.

ON the outside the Church of Harefield, in Middlesex, is a memorial put up by Mr. Ashby, in memory of his faithful servant, Robert Mossendew, who died in 1744; underneath are the following appropriate lines:—

"In frost and snow, thro' hail and rain,
He scour'd the woods and trudg'd the plain;
The steady pointer leads the way,
Stands at the scent, then springs his prey;
The tim'rous birds from stubble rise,
With pinions stretch'd divide the skies;
The scatter'd lead pursues the sight,
And death in thunder stops their flight:
His spaniel, of true English kind,
With gratitude inflames his mind,
This servant, in an honest way,
In all his actions copied Tray."

A COMIC TALE.

FOUNDED ON A RECENT FACT.

WHENE'ER the sea surrounds a bit of dry land,
Geographers have nam'd the spot an island:
Land, fenc'd by water, ev'ry body knows,
Is guarded well—this truth annoys our foes;
Who, of invasion were they undertakers,
Might chance to knock their heads against our *breakers*.
We'll *wave* that subject till they please to try us,
And when they do, full dearly shall they buy us.

My story on an island tho' I've cast,
The place to which the subject of it turns ye,
Is not *this* island, by no isle surpass'd,
But one much smaller, which is christen'd *Guernsey*;
Yet, like its larger neighbours, it has towns,
Roads, rivers, hills and dales, and ups and downs;
Outs, inns, parks, palaces, and many a steeple,
And a gay playhouse too, for stage-struck people;
A theatre, well manag'd, there's no hurt in,
So, with your leave, we'll peep behind the curtain.

The manager was one of those sharp elves,
Who serve at once the public and themselves;
Each rarity he thought would please the town,
Was instantly *per* boat and stage sent down;
And thus, by turns, his audience receives
Young Roscii, Mother Goose, and Forty Thieves;
Bannister's Budget, Incledon's sweet notes,
Braham and Catalani's warbling throats.

Among those candidates without *a name*,
Who rather *work for bread, than play* for *fame*;
Among the list who managers implore
For-meat, drink, washing, lodging, and no more,
Came one, "so wither'd, wild in his attire,"
So woe-begone a youth did ne'er aspire,
With "concord of sweet sounds," the heart to reach,
Or "cleave the general ear with horrid speech."

Well

Well might an audience pity his presumption;
Ne'er was a child of hungry famine seen
So very pale, so wan, so tall, so lean,
Not like a rushlight, because that
Can't live without some particle of fat,
But like a skeleton in a consumption.

Now it so happen'd, on that very day,
That " Romeo and Juliet" was the play;
The corps theatric were but very few;
Each had his part assign'd, and some had *two*;
One yet remain'd, a little one indeed,
But to the author's plot essential very;
Therefore our hero was engag'd, and fee'd
To act the Starv'd Apothecary.

Had Shakespeare liv'd, he would have died with pleasure
To see how well his pen had taken measure
Of him, whose voice and figure did so strike,
So wonderfully he bewitch'd alike
Lords, ladies, peasants, milk-maids, tars and doxies;
That had not the Apothecary play'd,
The manager had only made
A beggarly account of empty boxes.

Thus often are the public led on,
By whim, caprice, stage-artifice, and trick,
" As if increase of appetite grew thick
By what it fed on."

And soon this lucky elf,
Cramming the theatre, so cramm'd himself,
That when good nutriment had plump'd his skin,
Growing too fat, the company grew thin;
Till out of size, the manager's discharge
Left him, in truth, a gentleman at *large*.

Of all the habits human beings get,
There's none so hard to lose, by this good light,
As that of eating.—He who once has ate,
Will still be at it, morning, noon, and night;
And thus our hero, tho' the playhouse shut,
Full oft would he most seriously incline,
An hour past noon, on some good dish to dine,
Of fatted capons, fish, or the first cut
Of beef, veal, pork, or mutton, leg or loin;
For which he with the butcher went *a-trust*,
Till butcher wou'dn't,
And told the actor, " pay the score he must;"
But actor cou'dn't.

Ale too, and wine, you cannot get for nought;
Lodging and washing to expence will come:
Three pounds sixteen and fi'pence, what he bought,
Amounted quickly to a fearful sum;
For 'midst these Islanders a law has risen,
Which doth declare, provide, enact, and say,
" The man who owes a shilling, and can't pay,
Must go to prison."

His creditors together having call'd,
His bankrupt statement soon they over-haul'd;
And kindly offer'd, just to serve the man,
(To grant his freedom ev'ry one was willing,)
He should depart upon the lib'ral plan,
Of paying poundage, three-pence in the shilling;
And he'd have done it too, but then, odd rot it,
What man can pay it, when he hasn't got it?

" Besides," quoth debtor, " if from you unbound,
I dare not go to England—tho' you're willing
To take from me but threepence in the shilling,
I can't pay there three ha'pence in the pound!"
The luckless declaration silenc'd all,
The drooping youth attends the gaoler's call.

When lo! a boat! a letter comes to shore;
Our luckless hero, luckless now no more,
Learns that a Lott'ry Share he'd quite forgot,
By many thousand pounds improves his lot.
Oh! with what joy, methinks, I see him read;
And may my readers, in the time of need,
Purchase, as he did, and like him succeed!*

* STATE LOTTERY begins Drawing 6th of JUNE, and contains four Prizes of £20,000, four of £5,000, twelve of £1,000, &c. &c. amounting to £200,000; and Four Extra Prizes of 100 Tickets each, which may realize the sum of One Hundred Thousand Pounds!!